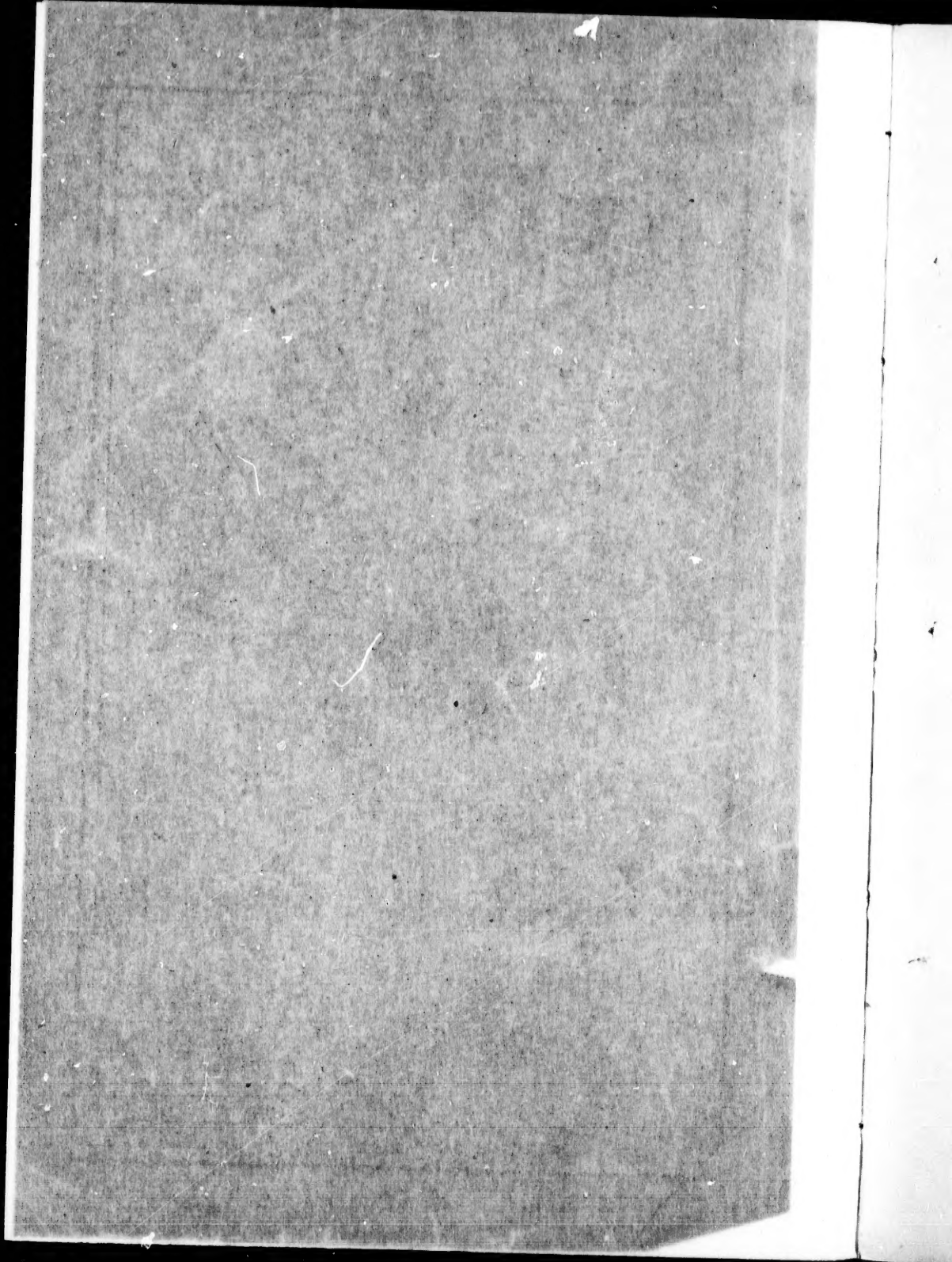


**JOHN THE FLUNKY.**





# JOHN THE FLUNKY;

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN AS AN ATTEMPT TO ASSIST IN IMPRESSING  
UPON CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE GENERALLY, THE RE-  
FORM MOST NECESSARY FOR THE FUTURE GREAT-  
NESS AND HAPPINESS OF OUR COUNTRY.

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BY

GEORGE RASHLEIGH.

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Ottawa;

A. S. WOODBURN.

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1883.



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# JOHN THE FLUNKY,

BY GEORGE RASHLEIGH.

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## CHAPTER I.

**J**OHN was the third son of William G—— of the county of Cornwall, England, who had earned a wide reputation of being in possession of two diametrically opposing accomplishments; one as the best blacksmith, then, in the county, the other as the most confirmed drunkard. A short account of this remarkable man's life, will be sufficient to create within us an interest in the life of our hero.

William G—— was the eldest son of James G—— the smith of the village of St. Neot, with whom he worked, learning his trade, until his eighteenth year. At this early age the father and son were often known to become intoxicated through seeking mutual pleasure from the same evil source, and the sorrowful result often was, immoral scenes and disturbances between sire and son. During the last of those unnatural convulsions William G——, in the smithery, clenched a hammer and threw it at his father, striking him on the head. He fell apparently insensible, but really dead; and thereby William, became at the early age of eighteen years, his father's murderer.

Oh! reader, what a truly horrible position to stand in. For one moment, imagine yourself as the murderer of your parent, the corpse of your victim stretched out before you, the ghastly eye of death staring at you, and the gallows awaiting your penitent tread, in order that it may let loose its trap and hurl you into eternity, there to stand and hear the awful sentence of your God.

Immediately on realizing the terrible result of his action,

he experienced one of those revolutions, which we have often heard victims to intoxication describe; he at once became sober and with it the instinct of self-preservation commanded him. For a moment he imagined himself on the scaffold witnessed with horror by thousands; but as quick as a flash of lightning the instinct said:—"Save thyself from the hangman, and from the odium of being thy father's murderer!" The question came:—"What am I, oh! what am I to do?" Satan replied:—"No one has seen thee; run into the street, and cry aloud, that your father has fallen drunk over the anvil and the blow has killed him, and who will dare to contradict or disbelieve you?"

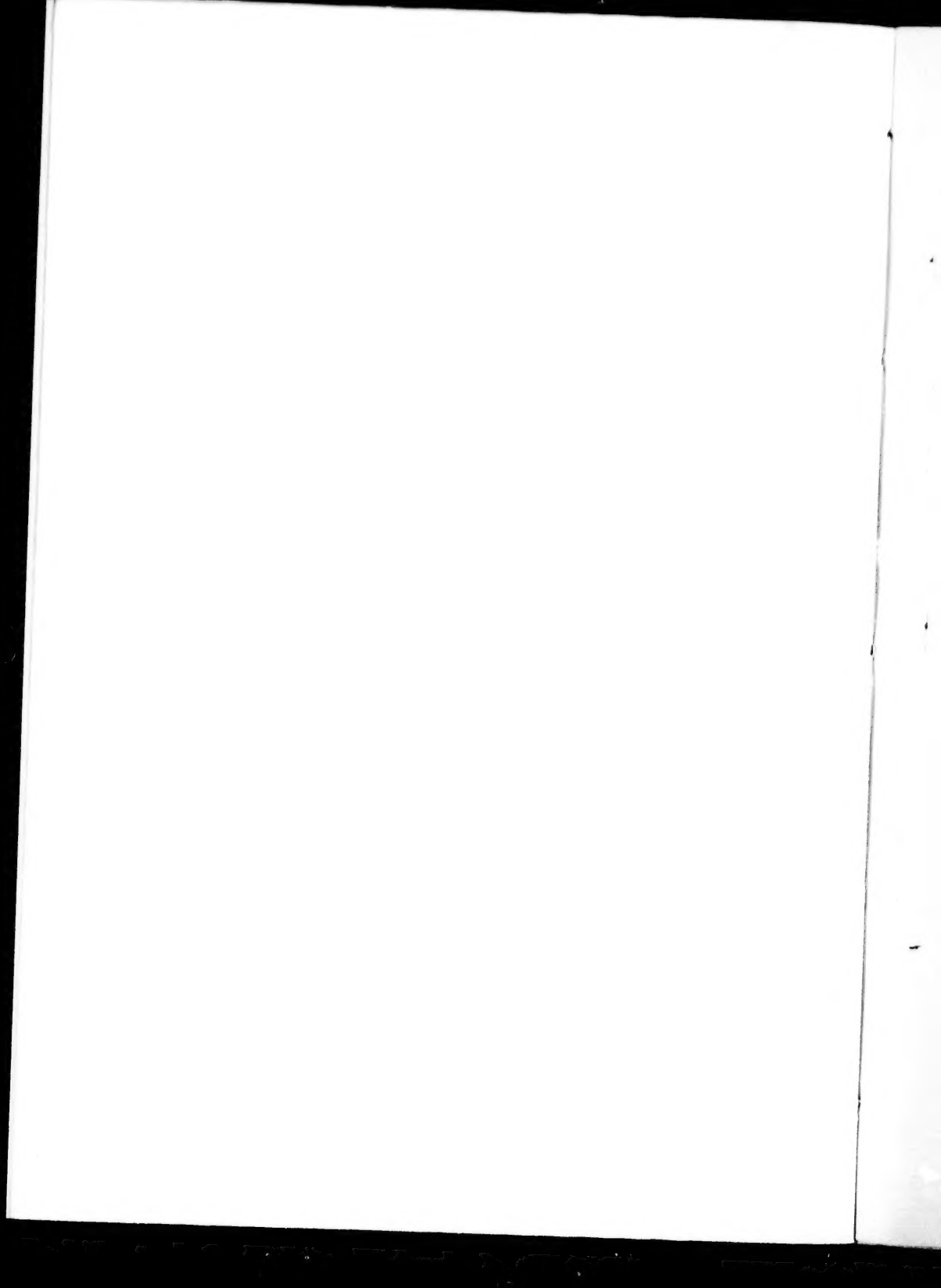
Seeing no other possible way of escape, he ran into the street and cried out, with a voice which pealed forth like the voice of a madman, "My father! My father! He has fell! He has fell! and is dead! Oh come and help! For the sake of heaven, come! Oh come! Come!"

In an instant, it appeared as if the whole village were rushing to the smithery, to behold the ghastly remains of the late village smith. Slain by whom? By the hand of his own son. Through what influence? Through the influence of strong drink, the curse of this and of every other land.

The villagers all naturally turned to William G—— for an explanation of the sudden death of his father, which he gave in the following manner.

"Father and I went down yonder, to Mrs. Lobb's, of the Blue Lion, to 'ave a pot of beer, to quench our thirst, for the day 'as been hawful 'ot, and we got down there, we met Farmer Cowley, who was putty well on, and going at it, at a terrible rate, about some taxes the Government 'as been putting on malt, the stuff that the beer his made from, as you know, and we putty well agreed with Farmer Cowley, and thought 'twas not right nor fair, that Hinglishmen should 'ave their beer taxed to keep up the Government, so we hall got putty well worked hup, talking about the question, and father drinked putty many good long 'uns to the death of the d—d Government which 'ad taxed our beer. I agreed with the hold man and Farmer Cowley, but did not get hat it has 'ard has the hold man. So after the big question was putty well discussed, and we all putty well agreed hon it, we got hup to go back to work, when I found the hold man 'ad got





aboard a big cargo, but I 'as seen 'im many a time with a bigger one, so I thought it would come out hallright, has it 'ad done many a time before, so I got 'im back to the shop, and when we got here, he got at the malt tax question again, and said hif it was true the Government 'ad done hit, we could not 'ave hour right allowance, and this would come d—d hard and tough too, and he would rather go to h—ll and d—mnation, than be kept has 'ard and tough has hall that ; because ha Hinglishman can't do without 'is beer, and what was the d—d Government going to do, going to send hus all to h—ll he s'pose. Just has he 'ad finished speaking, and he was in a terrible rage, he fell over the anvil. His 'ead struck on the ground, and now you know the rest."

Here William G—— fell into a state of grief, expressed by convulsive cries of bitter anguish.

This story no one thought of questioning. All sympathised deeply with the young man in the painful position in which he was now placed, having had to alone witness the death, so sudden and sad, of his father ; and many were the whispers, "Was it a judgment from God, punishing him whilst in the act of using such blasphemy?"

It was only too true that he had uttered blasphemous language, and it was also only too true that the young man should have told this sympathising assembly of St. Neot's villagers, that it was he who had thrown that fearful blow which had hurled his father's soul into eternity, that it was Mrs. Lobb's beer of the Blue Lion which had excited them to the quarrel, and consequently himself to the fatal act ; an act, which, if biblical doctrine be true, had cast his father's soul into eternal and everlasting damnation. His only reconciliation or atonement, to confess and suffer before the bar of justice of his country and at the foot-stool of the throne of his God.

Of all heartrendering scenes, the most unbearable, is to witness a number of persons young and old, mother, wife and children suddenly placed before the corpse of the one, above all others, instinct, nature and every other conceivable or construable cause had compelled them to love, often to adore, to look to for their daily bread, to meet every morning, to part from every night, to hope to live with them now and for ever, and to die for if necessary. Then all in a

moment to gaze upon that object of love and hope, lifeless, stiff and cold in death. There lies my hope, my love, my life, my children's bread, cries the aching, crushed, wretched and ever watchful mother's heart. The children at first stare in bewilderment at, to them, the utter inconceivability of the scene, and then break out in frantic cries, throwing up their little hands, eyes and hearts, as it were to heaven. Their hands drop, their eyes droop, another gaze at the same lifeless form ; a tremor is seen to pass through their little frames, and then a gushing roaring storm of cries peals forth, the little feet leap from the earth, the hands go tearing through the hair, the little features become distorted, and then with another wild united scream, they throw themselves around their dear, dear mamma. Her clothes are clenched, her grief-stricken frame is seen to roll and totter from the force of the loving onslaught. Then breaks forth a peal of horror stricken voices, as if it were the crashing of the thunder from the distant dark and dismal clouds. It is the villagers of St. Neot, in a state of horriification, beholding the wife, the mother and her children, rolling upon and wetting with their flowing tears the—oh ! the—yes, yes, the murdered corpse of her husband, of their father. Such was the scene, at the smithery of St. Neot.

An inquest was a short time after held upon the body, when the jury returned the following verdict :

"That James G——, of the parish of St. Neot, of the County of Cornwall, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, had been accidentally killed, by falling over an anvil, while in a state of intoxication."

Two days from the time, this sad verdict was rendered, a large and mournful assemblage was seen at the home of the late village smith, met there to perform the last sacred duty to all that was mortal, of the late James G——. The coffin was placed, and carried upon the shoulders of six of St. Neot's most prominent villagers, followed by a long line of mourners, headed by Mrs. James G——, accompanied by her son William ; and he conscious of being the one, who, had his father slain. They bent their way to the church, where the funeral service was read, and a short sermon given by the rector, on the life and death of their lamented fellow villager.



The substance of the discourse was as follows:—  
“Members of my dear and beloved flock, we have to-day before us, one of the saddest events, that has ever occurred in our village. There before us, within that casket, is all that mortally remains, of one of our most respected villagers, who, but three short days ago, was in the full enjoyment of health, hoping, no doubt, to live a long and happy life, enjoying many more years within the bosom of his family; but now cut short and to be on earth no more; gone, gone, to where we dare not say. Oh! my beloved flock, I hope this tragic end, of a life known to all of you, will be a warning to every one of you. That it will teach you and cause you to avoid that terrible evil, now leading so many of our countrymen, and I regret to say, numbers of our villagers, to a sad and early grave. Oh think of this dear and bereaved family, deprived of husband, protector and father; thrown upon the world, helpless; all through this world wide curse. Oh! I pray, and beseech you, to hoard the scene of this day within your memories, and its feelings, within the depths of your hearts; and may it change your course, and save you and your dear families, from such a truly melancholy end. Amen.”

The coffin was again lifted to the shoulders of the pallbearers, borne to the churchyard, and then to the cold, cold grave, where the last rites were performed, and then lowered into the earth, there to remain until the great and awful judgment day.

The sorrowing concourse turned and wended their way back to the late village smith's house. Oh! what a sad home it was now found to be. In place of bright and happy faces, nothing appeared but gloom and despair, and the utmost dread of the future. Particularly was this to be seen, in the face of W. G——.

## CHAPTER 11.

WE will now trace the steps William G—— took in life, until the birth of the hero of our story.

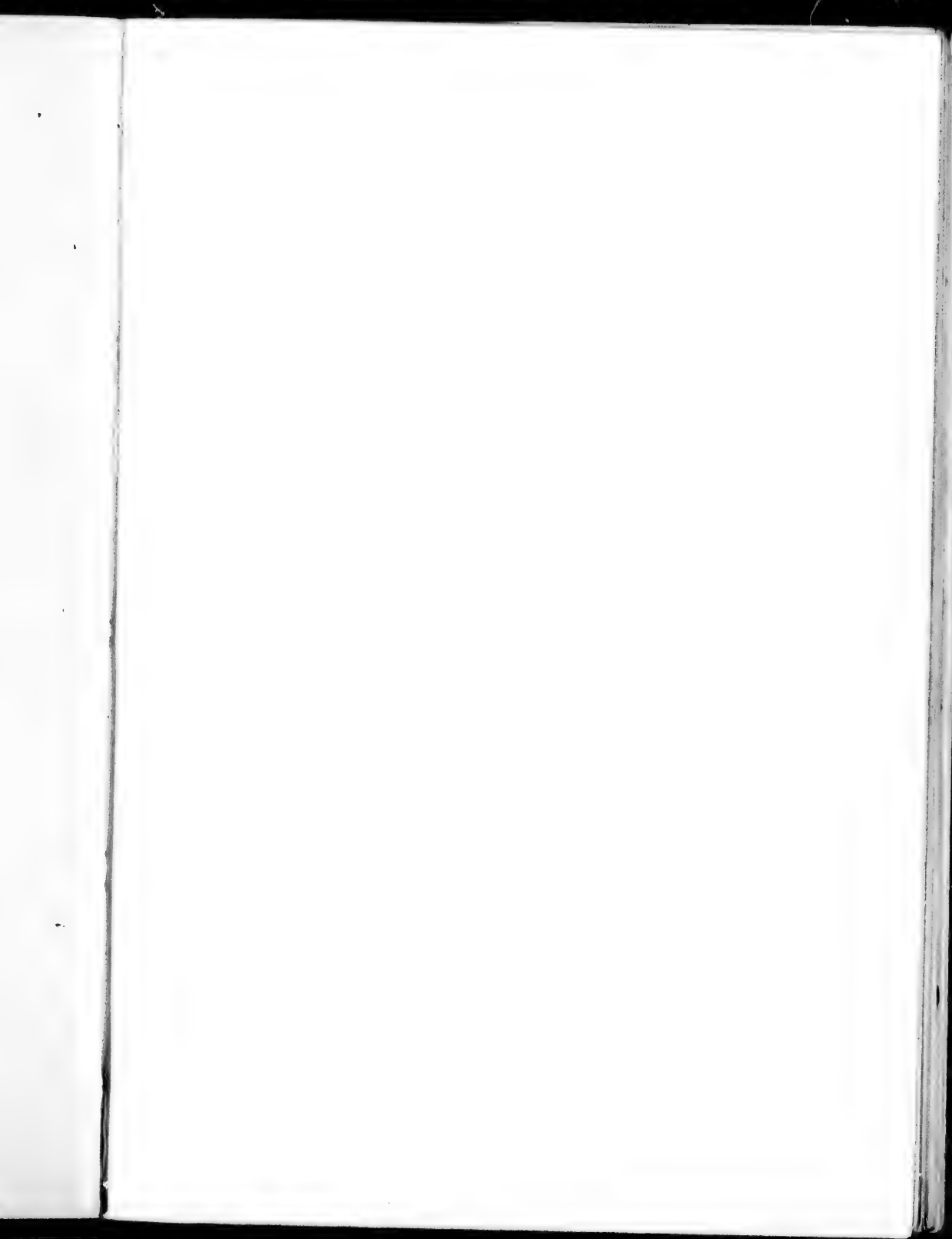
At first he thought of remaining at home, to work at the business and so help his mother, brothers, and sisters ; but every time he entered the smithery, his murdered father's image appeared, to rise before his distempered vision, until, at last, he could no longer enter that—to him—dreadful place.

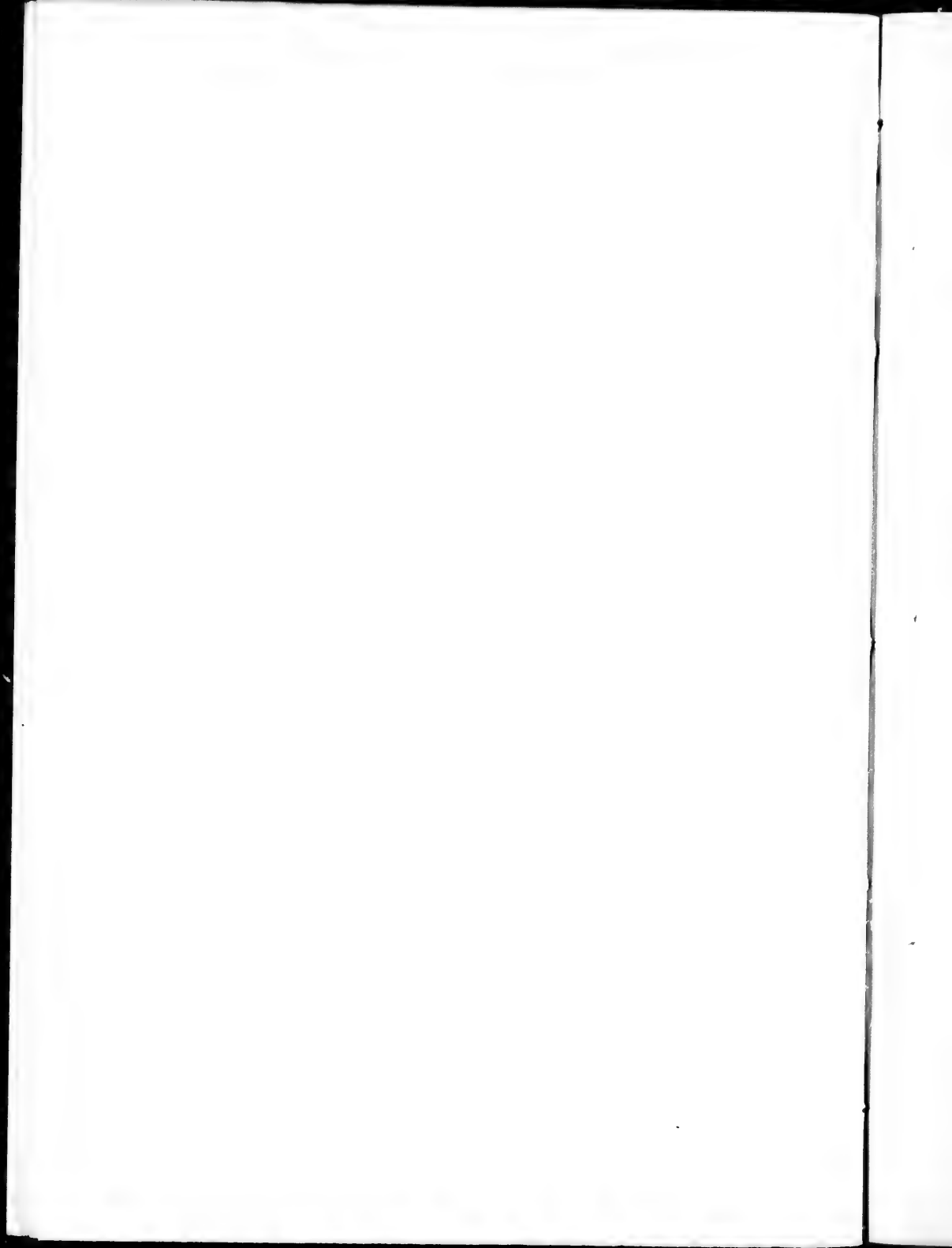
So after three weeks of the most intense excitement and misery, he decided to leave home, and endeavour to seek repose of mind, by being away from the scenes of the dreadful past.

Having come to this natural determination, he informed his poor—and now to be—wretched mother, brothers and sisters, of what he had determined to do. On hearing this, their grief was so intense and painfully apparent, that it becomes quite indescribable ; for it was taking away their last hope of sustainment, and nothing but starvation and the workhouse, or a lingering death now stared them in the face, as their only future hope and prospect. But there is often assistance given by an unseen Caretaker, and so it was with this despairing family. Notwithstanding all this, he persisted in his determination, and consequently left his native home, which had become to him so intolerable, and previous to this sad event, had been so dear.

After many days spent in travelling, he came to St. Ives, a town situated on the coast of Cornwall, and famous for its inexhaustible fisheries. Here he hired with the town blacksmith as journeyman, for £1 per month, board and lodging.

For some months he kept himself entirely clear from the temptations of intoxicating liquors ; but the winter months coming on, and with them salt pilchards for breakfast, and very often for dinner, and also for tea ; a fish which





the coast of Cornwall is famed for producing, particularly so, in the vicinity of St. Ives, and of which the Cornish people are equally famed for consuming large quantities; as it is usual for them to salt down an immense number for winter food, being the most inexpensive article of food that their county produces, often being as low in price as sixpence per hundred in number. William G—— found that his mistress wanted to board him cheaply, but with her cheap salt pilchards, came a dry and thirsty throat, accompanied by his old longing for something stronger than Adam's Beer.

He being a good workman, the town smith gave him all the chance possible; but after some months of the utmost patience, his employer found himself compelled to discharge him.

He now had to try another start in life, which he did, making promises, and forming resolutions within himself, that he would know better, and act accordingly in the future.

We will pass over a few years of his life; merely mentioning that the interval was passed in precisely the same way as we have seen him at St. Ives; constantly making and renewing resolves of good behaviour and improvement, and just as unremittingly breaking them.

We now find him at Delabole, an inland town of Cornwall, known as having the best and largest slate quarries in the British Isles, and possibly in the world.

These quarries were owned by one Thomas Avery, famed for his immense wealth; but infamous for being the most sensual old bachelor, in the county. There is an anecdote told in this neighborhood, concerning him, which perhaps will serve as a correct illustration of the despicable character of this vile old man. One day he was taking a walk, and in crossing over a bridge, he met a bright looking little boy. Taking notice of him, he stopped him, and said: "whose son are you my boy?" The boy looked up and in manly tones, replied: "Tom Avery's, sir." He put his hand into his pocket, took out a crown, and said: "here my boy." The boy accepted it, and replied by saying: "thank you, sir," touched his hat in respect to the donor, and passed on, not having the slightest idea that he had been speaking to his father. Such and worse, was Thomas Avery.

William G—— had been employed at the quarries for two years in the smithery ; and for some time past had conducted himself in a very sober and proper manner. It had for a long time been conceded that he was by far the best workman in the shop ; and now that he was conducting himself in confirmed sobriety, his employer, Tom Avery, decided to entrust the responsible charge of the smithery department entirely to him.

It may be asked, in what way do you account for the truth of your statement, when saying, that his employer who was such an inveterate old scoundrel, so quickly detected, the improvement in his employee's behaviour, and so handsomely rewarded him for it ?

The answer is easily and readily found. It is a proven and undeniable fact, that employers, no difference what their own personal inclinations are, good or bad, are always ready, and are constantly awaiting the opportunity to reward good conduct, on the part of their servants ; their reasons being quite evident, that in doing so, they are improving and advancing their business, and thereby, adding, to their own personal wealth, and advancement.

William G—— having accepted the position, and conducted himself, in every other respect, in a judicious manner, soon became accepted and respected, by all the leading persons of the neighborhood. Consequently, he became introduced to Miss Hawk, the eldest daughter of Thomas Hawk, of Trededgel, one of the wealthiest farmers, and his family one of the most respected in the county ; they being in possession of, and owning sixteen landed estates, of no mean proportions. Miss Hawk was in all respects, a most estimable young lady, and at this time in her eighteenth year. She was of a good sound and practical temperament, possessing a thorough practical education, and not the education of flirtational accomplishments, which are so much admired by our fast young men, and are often so studiously, and expensively given, by our modern mothers. Hers had been an education of practicability and domestication, combined with an endowment, of natural common sense, giving man what he so much desires to see, and find in woman. And such are the characteristics of our heroine.

Having secured this introduction, and being now in a

position to marry, he soon conceived the idea of wooing her, and accordingly commenced an undertaking which always proves exciting to the young and charming, when successful to the winner. In this case William G—— was charmed, and our heroine the charmer. Having succeeded in winning this invaluable prize, he immediately made preparations, for the conclusion of the enterprise ; an enterprise, which all loving hearts, will congratulate them in accomplishing.

Although very much against the majority of Miss Hawk's family's wishes, for they could not think, of a relative of theirs, being connected with a man, who called himself a mechanic. Yet, he had won this noble maiden's heart, and all the appeals of her family concerning his occupation, and the certainty of being ostracised by her relatives could not make any impression upon her confiding and true heart.

So the matter was decided, and the ceremony to be on her eighteenth birthday. On that day it was celebrated, and with it was opened up to her, a few years of pleasure, and then a long period of the most intense misery and agony, only slightly relieved by intermissions of consolation.

A week after the marriage, they returned to Delabole, and began their marriage life, in a very pleasant manner. At first they rented a nice dwelling of six rooms, and furnished it in a complete and decorous style. He then commenced to build a dwelling according to their own plans, and requirements ; and in twelve months we find that they had erected, a commodious brick dwelling, which they immediately occupied ; and here they lived in respect, contentment, and complete happiness, for the succeeding ten years, at which time John the hero of our story was born, and with his advent into the world commenced a new and sad era for his mother, who eleven years before, had so hopefully, and naturally pictured as her lot, as her endowment from heaven, a long life, with all the untold and unknown pleasures, that a loving and adoring husband, could possibly provide, and bestow upon her.

Ah poor girl ! how sadly she was then and now deceived, our story has suggested and will but too plainly illustrate. She little knew what rested on his besmeared con-



science, and how that conscience was in its formation, like a volcano, liable to burst forth, and destroy everything within its destructive, combustible influence at any moment, and all who come within its reach, are scorched, and sometimes buried beneath its crushing overwhelming discharges.

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## CHAPTER III.

**R**ICHES, from the earliest ages, have carried with them weight, prestige and influence, regardless of the character of the possessor, and undoubtedly will continue to do so, for all time to come.

Thomas Avery is now no more. The moralist would preach, that the event should be hailed with thank-offerings, to find that the world had been relieved, from one of its cruelest monsters ; and according to the rules of morality, the moralist would be strictly correct.

But not so at Delabole. The event is looked upon, and regarded among the town's people as the greatest calamity that could have possibly befallen them.

He had left a very large fortune, but had died intestate. He also left, a very large unclaimed family. The consequence was, that no one exactly knew to whom, the property belonged. It was then thrown into chancery ; an action which immediately stopped all work at the quarries, until such time, as the court should come to a decision.

William was, therefore, thrown out of employment, with heavy loss, which, in other words, caused him to sacrifice nearly all he possessed. The smithery and all of its appliances, now belonged to him, and through the stoppage of the quarries became unproductive, almost useless, and therefore unsaleable at invoice prices, as they were only suitable to quarrying purposes. His only resource was to put them up to auction, which he did, and brought as might have been expected, about one-fourth of what they had cost.

This caused him to be very much depressed in mind, so he became moody and morose, going sometimes for days together, and scarcely speaking to any one. As it is generally the case, that a person who speaks but little, thinks unremittingly, so it was with him. He began at first to think of his present misfortunes, and not being able to see at once, how he was going to repair them, he became despondent ;

and then the whole of his past and painful life, would rise before him. With this retrospect came remorse, and self-accusations, results which will always be produced by a troubled conscience.

He then began to look around, and try to find some means to soothe his troubles and dispel his fears. This he would often do at the cost of his poor wife's happiness. Sometimes it would partake of fault-finding, when there were no faults really to be found. At other times he would indulge in disagreeable arguments.

Poor woman ! It would have been well for her, if his unkindness had stopped here ; but when disaffection once commences to exist in domestic life, there is no termination to its ever ceaseless heartburnings and intrigues ; and in this case particularly so, when the cause of it was possessed with a conscience, stained with the ineffaceable stain of his father's blood.

He now took a new and desperate step to renew his fallen fortunes, a step which could not possibly help sending him to utter ruin ; but one which unfortunately is often taken by men, in a similar state of mind.

At this time the landlord of the King's Arms of Delabole died, which caused the establishment to require a new proprietor, a position William G—— determined to fill ; considering it the most suitable enterprise conceivable, to recover what he had lost.

His wife, and all his well disposed friends, were intensely energetic, in persuading him, to relinquish this enterprise ; but he was not in the state of mind, to receive this well-meant, and sensible advice. The consequence was he became the landlord of the King's Arms, and Mrs. William G—— the daughter of Thomas Hawk of Trededgel, its landlady.

The deceased proprietor of this establishment, had grown rich, and died so, from the profits made, in this sometimes lucrative trade.

His business was done, and his riches were made, when Delabole was seeing its golden days ; but now the working of the slate quarries having ceased, the place was thrown into the most gloomy state imaginable, the quarries having been its great, and almost only industry. It may

be illustrated by that of a family, depending upon the daily labour of one person ; that person is suddenly taken away by death or some other cause, their means of support just as suddenly leave them, and they are left in a state of absolute want. So it was with Delabole at this time. Its main arm had left it, or had ceased to produce, and all those who had been supported by it, found themselves in absolute want, therefore became very poor supporters, of liquor selling establishments.

So William G— soon found that he had gone from bad to worse. He had invested all his capital in a business, that would barely pay expenses, and as times were still becoming worse, in all probability it would soon cease to pay even that necessity to its existence.

He then decided to decrease his expenses, in a way, which to him, appeared the best conceivable, under the existing circumstances, and would certainly have been a very proper and commendable course, in any other business, or in the same business, provided he had been a man of different stuff from what he was composed of. The *modus operandi* was, that he should become his own bartender, in order to save that official's salary and the little pickings, which those gentlemen are often credited with taking for private purposes. So he very wisely, in his own mind, concluded, that he would not in the future, permit one of those gentlemen to obtain the pleasurable opportunity, but would assume the office, and so partake of all the pleasures and profits connected with it, himself. Poor fellow ! He put his plan into operation, and he found amidst all his well meant decisions and resolutions that he had made another, if possible, down hill step.

Day after day he found the ever increasing influences of the odours of that office growing upon him and drawing him to destruction. He found its pleasures were irresistible, undeniable and ever penetrating his every thought. He pardoned the bartenders for their proverbial faults, and secretly wished that he had never known the secret of their pleasure.

His last ray of hope was now gone. He at first sank his capital into the "King's Arms." He now found that he had sunk body and soul into it.

Gradually but surely finding that he was sinking lower and lower in the social grade, lower in all that may be deemed pure enjoyment, lower and still lower as a man, in fact becoming the brute beast ; despondency again recurred to him with reflections of the past, until his life became a prey to strong drink accompanied by that degrading affliction, commonly known as the " horrors."

Oh reader ! Imagine his poor wife, a few years before, sitting at her father's fireside, with all the comfort that a fond parent could possibly provide ; picture to yourself her fond hopes for the future when she met him, whom she believed to be her guardian and caretaker provided for her by the decree of heaven ; imagine her for some few years of her married life, being happy with her husband and thanking her Creator for giving her such ; think of her bringing those dear little creatures into the world with all those hopes and glorious ambitious predictions as to their future, which are so naturally indulged in by all good and Christian mothers, and imagine her now at the bedside with a drunken miserable sot, howling and cursing and wishing her soul in hell ; think of her being seized by the throat, and thrown into the dark and miserable streets, at midnight, amidst the screams of her frightened, but loving little ones ; then the police coming and arresting both him and her, throwing them into the dark dungeon of the police station for disturbing the public peace ; think of her then dragged before the magistrate to answer this charge, and to hear her describe her recent life with tears flowing as freely as a rivulet, the outflow of a loving but saddened heart ; and when asked, whence came all this trouble and domestic difficulty, to hear her pitiful, but old, old and too common reply. " It has come sir, from his indulging excessively in strong drink."

This was the short, but true explanation of her present position. She was dismissed with words of heartfelt sympathy from the just and generous hearted magistrate, sympathy which was sorely needed by her, in this her heart-rending distress ; whilst he was also discharged with words of admonition, and sternly warned not to so commit himself again.

They now withdrew from the Court, and proceeded together down to the King's Arms ; one with all the feelings

of a forsaken brute being eaten up by some awful demon, within whose grasp he was completely engulfed, without a prospect of being enabled to extricate himself; the other, with all the feelings of despair and wretchedness that a loving and perfect woman would possess for the future of her dear little children, and for the future of her once dear husband; a future which she had now no command over; a future which she could not possibly foresee, and which she dared not look into. All was now black and the prospect full of despair.

They enter the King's Arms, and here was a meeting which I can scarcely dare to describe.

A loving mother meets her children, all filled with the most intense distress, intensified with mutual love; all spring and rush into each other's arms, prompted and driven by the mutual sympathy which exists within, and here nature breaks out and explodes, throwing out its bombshells of love until it flows like the outlet of an immense cataract, and onward its torrent rushes and foams until the beloved mother is to be seen on her knees, dragged to the ground by the outburst of her children's love. William G— here enters. He asks "what the h—ll they are all doing there?" He receives an answer of heartrending groans. He then pushes them, one falling one way, the other another, each child trying to hold its grasp to its mother, who was now lying rolling upon the floor, enfolding in her arms her infant child John, the hero of our story. He immediately rushed forward and grasped the child, wrenching it from its mother's arms, and swearing and cursing like a ferocious madman, he flung it sprawling upon the floor.

This cruel and inhuman action drew forth, in the strongest conceivable degree, all the indignation that inhabits a true mother's breast at an injury to her offspring; an indignation so intense, that it would be impossible to conceive or illustrate, without it was by such a mother who had experienced such unmanly treatment, and in this instance can only be illustrated by describing the result of the cruel and dastardly action.

Instantly on seeing her infant wrenched from her arms, and thrown as if it had been a reptile, she sprang to her feet, with glaring eyes and clenched teeth, and shaking with rage,

and expressing the deepest hate and scorn that could be felt and expressed by human form, she looked around her as if to find something wherewith she could put into practical effect that horror and scorn which she so justly felt and expressed.

Lying on the stove was a huge poker. Seizing it she flew at him like a raging tiger, and with one blow on the crown of his head laid him low at her feet.

There was a most dreadful scene, a view of which in practical reality I hope none of my readers will ever witness or experience. There were the poor little children weeping with the utmost intensity of bitterness, frightened almost into madness by the horror of the scenes which they beheld, the scene of their father ill-treating them in the most unnatural manner; seeing their mother laying him at her feet almost in death in their defence; the scene of their mother thrown into such a deplorable rage, convulsed with resentment at the brutish treatment her children had been subjected to; all of which appeared to their innocent, imaginative understanding equally unnatural.

Such was the state of affairs when the neighbors came rushing in, and quickly after them the doctor, to see what all this commotion meant.

The doctor ordered the wounded, and deservedly so man to be taken to his room and placed in bed, where it was found that he had received a severe fracture of the skull, so severe that the doctor deemed it necessary to send for additional medical assistance, not caring to assume the whole responsibility, seeing that not only one life but two depended upon the result of his skill.

Upon the arrival of his professional brother they immediately made an examination, and then held a consultation, from which they arrived at the conclusion that there was a slight hope of recovery, but a very precarious one, arising from the large quantity of blood he had been suffered to lose before medical assistance came to his rescue, and the bad state of health he was then in, through the wretched habits he had of late been indulging.

However, they resolutely went to work, with the determination to save him if possible, and after doing all that medical science could suggest or accomplish, they found



other work awaiting their immediate attendance in an adjoining apartment.

Mrs. William G——, who had, as our story has informed us, passed through one of the most exciting scenes that is possible for human conception to imagine, had fallen in a fainting state upon the floor, from which she was taken and placed in bed by her sympathizing neighbors, who naturally supposed and hoped that it would be only a question of a few minutes before she would again be fully restored from what apparently, to them, was only a faintness which might be reasonably expected after having passed through such cruel torture.

But oh! how sadly they were mistaken; instead of reviving there were signs of something worse, of what they could not tell. They saw a deep red colour constantly flashing across and disappearing from her face; they looked and looked, and anxiously enquired one from the other in the most profound whispers. "Is she reviving?" But at last they saw the parched tongue and lips and they heard an excited and bewildered voice cry out "Water, water, I am so thirsty! Give me water!" At this cry they startled, and a whisper was heard to say, "fever, oh! she is surely and really in a fever." At the sound of this whisper it appeared as if the correctness of it had, at once struck home to every heart. A unanimous cry at once arose for the doctors, for whom one of the party was immediately dispatched to request their attendance. They were found just completing their difficult task of dressing the wound of the unfortunate, but justly punished man.

They at once replied to the request by following the messenger to the adjoining room which was at present occupied by Mrs. William G——, and there found her in the most pitiable condition, so much so, that their professional hearts suddenly left them, and they could be seen weeping as children, declaring that in all their professional experience they had never witnessed such a sad scene as that which they were just witnessing in this doomed family.

Here was a family who only a few short months ago was living in, and enjoying all the happiness, comfort, social privileges and consequently all the pleasures that they could possibly require, or wish for. A few months had

elapsed, and with it all those former pleasures had left them,

Let us retrace for a few moments this apparent irreparable downfall.

We first see this unfortunate man in such worldly difficulties as will beset all men, more or less, in fighting through the great and desperate battle of life, but instead of meeting them when they arose, with that manful resistance all true men should possess and act with in such cases, viz : to throw them aside and persist with all honorable integrity in the right and noble path ; he yielded to what undoubtedly too many of our fellowmen are daily yielding.

Satan's tempter is always ready to offer to human minds when found in worldly degenerateness, an apparent easy, but dishonorable path to relieve themselves in trouble, a path which is sure to lead sooner or later to utter ruin and desolation ; although sometimes saved at the last hour, shattered and wrecked upon the coast of life.

We see him at first embarrassed, the nature of which the reader is perfectly acquainted with ; then in deep and reflective thought endeavoring to invent some means to recover what was lost ; we then find the tempter coming forth and saying : " Follow me and I will lead thee to a path in which thou mayst recover all and more than all ; a path wherein you may become rich and happy without the slightest probability of anything disagreeable occurring. Come now with me and all the past shall be forgotten, and thy future shall be one of riches combined with pleasure, for with riches pleasure is easily obtainable."

Such was the tempter's plan of operation in this case, and well he succeeded, the bait took, and Willam G—— was duly installed as the landlord of the King's Arms. Here we see him sinking, degree by degree, into the depths of degradation, until he is seized and thrown, dragging his poor wife by his side, into the prison cells, and then to the low, cruel brute, using violence to his own infant offspring, driving one of the best and purest of women into such a desperate and calamitous condition, even to the threshold of being his murderess.

He is now laid upon his bed, a helpless wreck, caused by the hand of his outraged wife ; we see her also lying

upon her bed, pale and death-like, haggard and worn, then feverish, bewildered and almost mad. We see their poor little helpless children, throwing forth frantic and excruciating cries : we hear dear little John, a babe, just able to put forth the words "papa" and "mamma," calling and weeping for his "mamma." Endearing little infant, not knowing or unable to comprehend, the shocking tragic act which had been so cruelly enacted, or the forlorn prospects which were now so clearly apparent before him. We find the house full of enquiring neighbors, composed of a few truly sympathetic ones ; but more largely of gossip seekers, and critical fault finders, the town being almost convulsed by old chattering gossip mongers, going forth spreading and exaggerating if possible, the calamity which had just befallen the fallen.

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## CHAPTER IV.

**W**E now return to the family, and see how fortune favours them.

It is two months since we left them amidst the deepest affliction. In the interval, kind friends had watched over them, and soothed their troubled souls, calmed their fears, taking ceaseless care of the children, which knowledge had more than anything assisted the recovery of the pitiable mother. When the endearing little creatures entered the chamber in the morning to bid their mamma "good morning," and again at night to wish her "good night," and say their prayers, which they would do with all the cheerfulness of loving and happy childhood; the poor woman would weep with joy, and offer up thanks to her great benefactor, for giving her such untold blessings, blessings which can be only realised, by a perfect mother in a similarly sad condition, and relieved by such loving consolation.

At the end of two months they were both enabled to get up a few hours every day, and were daily becoming stronger; and there was every indication that they would be soon again quite well.

At the expiration of four months, we find them entirely restored to health, and William G—— thoroughly regenerated from the drunken sot to a good and repenting christian, with a full determination that he would no longer remain surrounded by his former temptations.

With this determination he commenced work, and as quickly as ordinary business transactions would permit, sold his interest in the King's Arm's, for about one half of what it had cost him. He left it a poorer man than he found it, but a far happier one; for amid the blessings of his family, and the unanimous congratulations of his friends, he could not otherwise be.

Mrs. William G—— freely forgave the wrongs and

misery that he had caused her to endure, and made but one request, viz., that they should all join, and offer up thanks to their heavenly Father, for having guided them through their many afflictions, and for having at last brought them safely out of that den of temptations.

This request was cheerfully complied with, and in their new but temporary home, they gathered their little family together, and kneeling, offered up their united thanks, with a sincerity which can only be felt or expressed by humanity that suffered and passed through a similar crisis. They had just escaped from the brink of the gulf of destruction, having been drawn thither by intemperate influences ; they had just escaped from the abyss, and were again firmly united in the bonds of love and peace.

"Not so," says the tempter, "I will have you yet. Fresh and greater trials await you. Gird up your loins for it will take all your boasted Godly virtue, to withstand my reserve forces."

They now removed to Bodmin, the county town of Cornwall. Bodmin is a quiet but flourishing little inland town of some five thousand inhabitants, situated in the centre of a large mining district, and being the county town, the county jail is necessarily located in it, and the county assizes held there.

The once more united family came here with the resolve to endeavour to firmly rebuild their partially established happiness.

Their family now consisted of William, Jane, Thomas, Kate and John, aged respectively eleven, nine, six, four and two years, all too young to be really capable of assisting their parents in earning a livelihood.

William G— within three days after their arrival, obtained work at a mine in the vicinity, to erect boilers and other machinery, a mechanical operation in which it was well and widely known, he possessed a large amount of practical experience, obtained at Delabole ; in fact so wide was his reputation for performing this work in an exceptionally able manner, that offers, and applications came in for his services and advice, from the surrounding mines, so numerous that he was perfectly unable to perform them himself. He then commenced to employ a number of

hands, giving his many contracts his constant personal attention and supervision. Their eldest son William, like a gallant little fellow, asked his father's and mother's permission, to commence and help his father, which they reluctantly allowed him to do.

In this united way, they continued for the succeeding nine years, all mutually assisting by every means they could possibly conceive. So united and happy were they, that they had become to be considered and very justly so, one of the happiest families, in this prosperous little county town of Cornwall.

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## CHAPTER V.

**I**N the tenth year from the time of their coming to Bodmin, an accident of usual occurrence but one which proved very singular in its effects, occurred to William G——.

When engaged in repairing a large steam boiler, a scale of iron flew into his right eye, which scale he could not extract at the time. The pain ceasing, he took no further notice of it. A few months after the occurrence, the pain recommenced, and increased so much, that in a few weeks he could not see to work, and was compelled to seek that medical advice, which he should have sought before.

His medical adviser found that a cataract was forming, and therefore advised him to at once obtain an admittance to the Truro Infirmary; which advice he accepted, and succeeded in obtaining the necessary ticket of admission.

Arriving at the infirmary, he was placed under an operation, when the cataract was removed. In performing the operation, the doctor's lancet slipped, carrying a part of the apple of the eye with it, which caused the loss of sight in the injured eye. This pained him very much, and resulted in weakening him to utter helplessness. The attendant doctor of the infirmary prescribed for his relief, among other medical remedies, a pint of Guinness' Porter per day. This part of the prescription was no doubt, considered a trifling matter, and a perfectly harmless one, prescribed with the very best of intentions, in fact simply carrying out, one of the firmest rooted medical theories. But in this case, as our story will illustrate, it resulted in the ruin of a family, throwing shame upon their name, which it was impossible for them ever to eradicate.

He remained in the infirmary for three weeks after the performance of the operation, and during this time his daily allowance of Guinness' was duly prescribed to him, and quite as duly put to the purpose for which the doctor ordered



it, and we may also add, more than duly fulfilling the properties of its influence.

Day by day, as this Guinness' remedy was applied, so, in immeasurable depths was it renewing his old and natural craving for intoxicating stimulants.

At the expiration of three weeks from the date of the operation, he received his discharge from the infirmary, and with what results it is our sad duty now to describe.

With the loss of sight in one eye, and weakened sight in the other, with a renewed craving and thirsty appetite for intoxicating matter, he arrived home to his wife and children, a mere wreck and ruin of his former self.

His sight would not permit him to work for some time, and his thirst would not permit him to rest.

Armed with the doctor's prescription, Mrs. William G——, could not but consent to his taking the daily allowance of Guinness', for to refuse, in face of such authority, would almost be equivalent to homicide, although positive, through years of painful experience, that every draught was simply a draught of hellish poison, and was once more paving the way toward the wreck and spoilation of her family's future happiness.

So the daily portion of Guinness' was duly provided, under the name of medicine, and strictly understood to be such by the children; for to their innocent mind, firmly impressed there, by their mother's pious and beautiful training and teaching, such a thing as intoxicating stuff to be allowed to enter their house, would be an unpardonable crime. A month passed in this way, and then he considered himself capable of again commencing work.

Obtaining a contract to erect some machinery at a new mine just commencing operations some twenty miles from Bodmin, he at once left home to carry out his contract, making the most solemn promises to his wife, that he would not under any circumstances exceed his Guinness' prescription; and there is no doubt but what he made those promises with every intention of keeping and fulfilling them.

Promise what he would, there was secreted in her heart the utmost dread and terror, of the Guinness' prescription, a dread which she found impossible to eradicate from her mind. It haunted her in her daily work. It haunted her in

her sleep. It appeared to her in waking visions, and in midnight dreams ; until her whole mind was occupied and troubled with that terrible Guinness' prescription.

About two weeks after his departure, she dreamt a most horrible and sickening dream, a dream full of frightful visions, and dreadful warnings of shocking events

She saw in this dream, an immense *monster*, who had lived for many years, a terror to all that knew him, and secretly a terror to himself, in constant fear of his monstrous acts being brought to the knowledge of justice, and justice meant to him the scaffold.

Walking along on the ridge of a very steep precipice beneath which flowed a stream of unquenchable fire, he held in his hand a vessel containing liquid fire, of which he would constantly imbibe, until he became maddened by its combustible properties. In this state, he tore, raved and acted like an enraged wild beast seeking for its prey. He then became on fire, the fire appearing to be gushing out of his mouth, the liquid of which he had been constantly swallowing, had ignited, and then that he had become internally on fire. He then began to cry out for mercy, and asked to have all his sins pardoned, declaring in the most terrific manner, that he was prepared to tell of all his horrible crimes, if he could only be pardoned, and quench the scorching fire, which was burning him within.

At this time a masked man dressed in scarlet, with a sword of fire hanging by his side, and a breast plate upon his breast, on which was engraved "*Justice*" appeared before him, and demanded in loud and authoritative tones, an account of his past life, and the reasons for which he was there. Upon this demand being made, the *monster* stood in abject terror and dismay. Again the demand was uttered, in a still more authoritative manner, that he was to confess the whole of his past life, to reveal the whole of his terrible deeds. The *monster* stood aghast. The sword of fire was now raised flashing in the air, and a cry was heard saying, "At once !" The monster then in slow and tremulous tones, began to confess and reveal his wretched secret. I am the murderer of my father. I am the curse of my family. I am the murderer of an innocent boy. I am cursed by heaven. I am lost for ever.

After making this self accusation, she saw the *monster* dragged before the bar of justice, and then to the prison doors.

At this she woke in a bewildered state, not exactly knowing or comprehending, whether she had been passing through a reality, or a dream. Little did she imagine, that in a very short time, she was going to witness a very similar scene, in all the reality of life, at her own threshold.

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## CHAPTER VI.

IN a few weeks after Villiam G---'s arrival at the mine, it began to be whispered around that he was desperately "fond of his drop." Unfortunately those whispers were founded on fact, the Guinness' prescription had outgrown itself. Its influence had succeeded in making itself felt, and was again carrying its victim to destruction.

Having some arduous duties to perform, and finding himself tired and weak at night, he began to increase his allowance of porter, with the intention of retaining and increasing his strength if possible; this it apparently accomplished. It gave him, momentarily, ease and relief from his tired and depressed spirits. But this ease and relief only being a fictitious strength, caused by alcoholic influences, would soon pass away, leaving him more depressed and chilled than before; and then would come the unquenchable, the unrefusable desire and demand for further supplies of the same deceptive and fictitious beverage, that had just caused such an apparent relief, from the ever unpleasant and undesirable feelings of fatigue, weakness and consequently depressed spirits.

Day by day this craving became more and more apparent to those around him and to no one more than himself.

But on it came, and came in the form of a piercing and incurable disease, a disease that is beyond the power of human prevention. Then he began to feel and to see nothing but an immense chasm or gulf of destruction before him. He felt that something like bonds and fetters of iron had hold of his destiny. That he was doomed to destruction, and when he felt the fire burning within him, he also saw the visionary depths of hell opening, for the reception of his lost soul. And when in moments of thought he brought to mind his many promises to his, with all his weaknesses and shame, dear wife whom he loved, to his children whom he adored, he would weep as if he were a babe, and shrink

with commendable fear, at again meeting them with broken promises and happiness swept from their home.

Alas, it was too late ! To face his home he would not. To stop that infernal fire which was burning within him, he could not. Away from home, he was, among strangers who cared not. He felt nothing but a cankering worm of destruction eating him up. He saw nothing. He wished for nothing now but an early grave.

Entirely giving himself up to this shocking fate, for what could an early grave mean to a man in such a state, but eternal damnation ? Nothing else could he possibly hope for or foresee.

With this wish, with this terrible fate as his natural reward, he plunged deep and deeper into the arms of the tempter's most perfect, and most utilised instrument. A few more short pages, will bring us to one of the most distressing crimes, and to one of the most shocking ends, that it is possible for to fall to the hands of a writer to describe, only to be slightly relieved, through the instrumentality of one of the most beautiful pictures of a loving and faithful wife, of a loving and adoring mother, of a woman such as our Great Maker intended woman to be—I say one of the most beautiful pictures that ever fell to the lot of a writer to illustrate.

We will now return to the happy but ill-fated little family, and look a little into their inner life, and see how little they deserved, and how little they expected, the almost unimaginable fate, that was surely and very quickly going to overshadow them.

Mrs. William G — was still living with her family in Bodmin, the county town of Cornwall, whither they removed as has been told, after leaving Delabole. Her family still consisted of the same members, and the same number, as when they arrived there, viz : William, Jane, Thomas, Kate and John, our little hero ; aged respectively twenty-one, nineteen, sixteen, fourteen and twelve years ; two more had been born in the interval, both dying shortly after birth.

William had become an engineer and now had charge of the engines and machinery at the South Carrington Mines, an important position particularly so for a young man having only just reached his majority. Jane had become a dress-

maker and milliner, and now held the second position as such in the leading establishment of the town. Thomas had completed his schooling, and had been apprenticed for some time to the leading carpentering and joining firm of Bodmin, in which he was giving every satisfaction. Kate and John were still at school, receiving a sound and practical education.

Mrs. William G—— kept no hired assistance to aid her in her household affairs, but discharged all her domestic duties, with the assistance of her ever-willing and dutiful children. Every morning she would rise at half-past five, and call her two eldest sons, for they had to be at their respective duties at six o'clock. At half-past eight, breakfast would be ready most punctually, when the whole family would invariably assemble, and their first duty would be to kneel down with clasped hands and closed eyes, to hear their mother offer up their daily morning offerings to their Maker; after which all would join together in repeating the Lord's Prayer. And this was not done in the matter-of-form manner that is adopted in many cases, with smiling faces and restless bodies, with a figure-head pouring forth words without meaning; but it was done with, as far as human perception could perceive, all the earnest, all the natural duty-fulfilling manner, such as can be only inculcated by the never-tiring teaching and example of a perfect mother.

After this they would immediately take their seats at the table, with little John always to his mother's right hand. The meal would be frugal, but it would be placed upon the table in such a clean, orderly and unique manner, that it could not help being relished and enjoyed by any nobleman in the land. Their conversation would generally consist of some mention being made of their father, hoping that he would soon be home to see them, or some other pleasureable utterance or mention being made of him. Something concerning each other's work or task at school, little John generally leading the way by saying how much he was going to learn to-day.

Punctually at ten minutes to nine, they would all rise from the table, and would proceed to their several places of employment, or school, all having to be there at nine o'clock.

At ten minutes past one, we find the table again laid in

the same orderly and pleasing manner for dinner, this being the most convenient time for them to assemble.

After dinner we hear them for a short time enjoying a chit-chat concerning anything which might appear agreeable, and then dispersing once more for their several occupations.

At a few minutes after six, we find them all arriving home, having completed their day's employment; all going to their apartments, where they find everything in scrupulous cleanliness and order, awaiting them to change and renovate, after their day's labours, and make themselves presentable for tea, which always came punctually at half-past six; the most enjoyable meal, only to precede the most loveable part of the day.

Their tea was always just what a good housekeeper would call a perfect tea. Invariably something tasteful and new, if possible, which would be unexpected and therefore relished. There would be quite a lively chit-chat, little John always doing his share, giving with great glee all his day's experience of what he had done at school, and with all the casualties and occurrences, which usually take place in school-boy life.

Tea would be over a little after seven, there being no exact time for the completion of that meal; time being now their own, only to be used for their mutual enjoyment.

Immediately after tea, Jane and Kate would assist their mother in placing the tea things away and putting everything in order. The boys in the meantime having a chat about more manly objects or subjects, not exactly understood by girls.

When everything had been scrupulously placed in order, they would all retire to the parlour for the remaining part of the evening, for mutual amusement. Jane was exceedingly good at the piano, Kate very fair, William was good at the violin, Thomas at the bones, and little John came in exceedingly well at intermissions, by illustrating how he was yet going to beat the whole of them, and what a great man he was going to be, which would come very amusing, and was always taken good-naturedly by the rest of the family.

Mrs. William G—— was always perfectly happy when she was among her children, which could be easily seen by

her face beaming with joy at seeing them in a state of home pleasure, so easily provided, so inexpensively obtained, by all good and sensible mothers. But of late there had been a visible pain constantly crossing her much-worn heart, secreted from her family, and from the world—a something which she could not herself understand. There was something looming, which was in part going to retrace a dismal portion of her past life, and was going to overshadow the whole of her future. She felt it. Within herself she appeared to know it. But she could not realise what it was, or whence it was to come.

One evening whilst her children were in their usual enjoyment, she particularly felt this sensation so strongly presenting itself, that it was with difficulty she kept from communicating it to them. She therefore requested them to retire to bed earlier than it was usual for them to do, saying that she did not feel well. Her request was at once complied with, all instantly drawing their chairs in a circle as it was their custom to do at night before retiring to bed, for prayers, Mrs. W. G—— offering up to their Maker, what she might deem she and her children owed; asking what she deemed she and her children required, from Him.

It was easily noticed this evening that, if possible, she was more earnest, more appealing than usual. She felt depressed; but for what reason, she could not, she dared not think.

After saying the Lord's prayer, which all joined in repeating, they rose, and were in the act of bidding each other good night, and kissing their mother, when a knock came to the door—a very unusual occurrence at that time in the evening.

Little John ran and opened the door. It was a messenger with a telegram for his mother.

"A telegram! Where could it be from? Whom could it be from?"

In a moment it was in her hand. In a moment it was opened, and what did it reveal? She read:

"TIN CROFT MINE.

Madam, —You are requested to come without delay.

JOHN BANKS,

*Magistrate.*



Consternation could be clearly seen, being plainly written upon every face of that thunder-stricken family.

"Magistrate," what could that mean? What could a magistrate require of their mother? It was to them incomprehensible. At last little John cried out, "Mamma, you are not going to leave us? Who is that John Banks, the Magistrate? Who is he? What can he want of you, mamma?"

During this time, Mrs. William G—— was in deep thought, revolving in her mind what was the true meaning of this telegram. It was from Tin Croft Mine, and that being the mine her husband was at present engaged at, it was quite clear to her that something had befallen him. Not caring at present to enquire or think farther, she could see but one duty to perform, and that was to instantly make preparations to obey the summons.

She then turned to her children, and said "my dear children, you have heard this telegram read, requesting me to go to the mine, where your father is at present working. I am at a loss to know what it means, but I have no other choice, but to make ready and go at once."

"To-night, mamma?" Says little John.

"Yes Johnny, my dear, to-night," was the firm reply: "And now my dear children, do not be needlessly alarmed, there may be nothing wrong, and all I ask of you, is to remember my teaching in my absence, and that is to trust in God." Turning to William, she said: "William, you had better go and get me a conveyance, to take me to Tin Croft Mine."

He at once obeyed, only stopping to say: "Will you not allow me to accompany you mother? It is too far for you to go alone to-night."

"No William, dear, I think it will be better for me to be alone. I wish you to remain, and see to the children."

"Very good, mother," was his reply, and on he went, and in a short time was to be found at the door, accompanied by the vehicle which was to convey his mother through the dark and dismal night, to hear the explanation regarding that mysterious telegram.

In the meantime, Mrs. William G——, had quite prepared herself for the journey. Hearing the carriage at the door, she proceeded to wish her children good night.

Being of a strong mind, and perceiving the advisability of restraining any strong outburst of motherly feeling, she merely called them and said: "Now, my dears, good night," kissing one by one, and wishing them all to go to bed, assuring them that she would be back on the morrow, if possible. She now slid quietly out of the door, and stepping into the vehicle, bid her son William good night, again requesting him to see to the children during her absence, then ordered the driver to drive on, and so rolled away through the dark night, from a home of past happiness and pleasure, and rolled on, until she came to where she was to realize her dreadful dream, her dismal forebodings and her prophetic estimate of the Guinness' prescription.

On arriving at Tin Croft, she at once proceeded to the residence of Mr. Banks, and was received by him in the kindest manner possible; so painstaking was he, that it was easily to be perceived, that it was prompted by the deepest sympathy. After ordering refreshments to be brought to the parlour, which she sorely needed, having travelled twenty miles through a dark and cold night, he informed her, that he had some delicate information to impart to her, but seeing that it was very late, and that she was evidently very tired, he felt that he must insist upon her going to bed, and allow the matter to remain over until the morning. She having given her assent, he then rang for the servant, ordering her to show the lady to the spare bedroom; and then turning to Mrs. William G——, said, "I will see you in the morning at nine o'clock in my library. Good night."

During the short conversation which had naturally ensued, the name of her husband was not mentioned, although he was the sole object in each of their minds. One knew all! The other dreaded all! He was therefore an object which neither dared to speak of.

Next morning, punctually at nine o'clock, Mrs. William G—— was inquiring her way to the library, where she was shown by the same servant that had attended her on the previous night. The servant on approaching her seemed to scan her with evident sympathetic curiosity, which sent a tremulous sensational feeling through her, that she has never been able to properly describe.

Entering the library, she found Mr. Banks there awaiting

her. He requested her to be seated in the arm chair, and then seating himself at the desk, he fell apparently into a deep study, Study it was not. It was sympathy for the unfortunate who was now before him ! At last having obtained courage to speak, he turned to the object of his sympathy, and addressed her as follows :—

“My dear Mrs. G——, it has unfortunately fallen to be my duty to make you acquainted with a matter which cannot help overshadowing the remainder of your life ; but allow me to tell you that in this trouble you will have my sympathy, and I am equally sure, the sympathy of every one. The matter, Mrs. G——, is concerning your husband.”

“My husband,” she cried. And she shook with the violence of her emotion.

The kind hearted man wept with sympathy, but quickly recovering himself he said : “Yes, Mrs. G——, your husband ; but be composed what has occurred, has occurred, and nothing that we can do can recall it. All that we can do is to trust in God ; therefore please be patient, and I will tell you what has happened, as quickly as possible.

Your husband I am informed, has been engaged in the mine for some time, arranging the machinery, &c. I am also informed, that for sometime it has been noticed, that he has been imbibing too freely, of what I suppose I need not tell you ; until, for the past week or ten days, he has been in *delirium tremens*, and therefore has been entirely neglecting his duties at the mine. The captain of the mine finding such to be the case, sent for him to come to his office at twelve o'clock yesterday. At twelve o'clock he went, when the captain told him he had found that he was not fulfilling the terms of his contract, and that if he did not commence at once, and give it proper attention, he would be compelled to cancel it. Your husband being in a state of intoxication—and I am informed that when so—he is of a perverse and irritable temper, answered him with insulting and defiant remarks ; whereupon the captain ordered him to leave the office. This he refused to do, and with fearful execrations, challenged the captain to put him out by force. The captain at this time losing all command of himself, flew to the door, opened it, and commenced to accept the challenge by trying to push him out. A violent struggle here ensued, both

men having lost all control of themselves. Your husband being much the stronger man, soon became the victor, and the captain lay at his feet : a large hammer lying near by, he took it up, evidently with the intention of striking at the captain's head. The office boy, a youth of about fourteen years, who had witnessed the altercation from the first, and had been too much frightened to interfere, seeing the hammer coming down with a force which could not help instantaneously killing any one it struck, rushed forward with outstretched hands, no doubt with the intention of stopping the blow. The hammer came down with tremendous force. It came in contact with the boy's head ! That boy now lies a corpse, at his widowed mother's house."

"Then, sir, he, my husband, has become a murderer ! The scaffold ! My children ! His soul ! Oh where is he ?" Standing on her feet with hands clenched, features pale and haggard, and her eyes turned upwards as it were to Heaven, she cried out from the agony of her bleeding heart, "Oh my God ! Oh my God ! have mercy upon my fatherless children. Have mercy ! Have mercy upon my husband's soul."

Uttering these words, she staggered and then fell back into the chair, apparently lifeless.

Mr. Banks, who was naturally a kind good-hearted man, had become altogether unhinged, and when he saw that good woman stagger and fall, uttering cries, which can only proceed from the heart of a mother, he began to feel like falling himself. Jumping from his chair, he ran and violently rang the bell. A servant almost instantly appeared, when she was ordered to bring water, wine, anything she could get, all of which was quickly brought, with the intention of applying them to restore the unfortunate woman. The water was applied to her forehead, her hands, and then to her parched lips. She revived and uttered the words "thank you." Mr. Banks then ordered the wine to be brought forward. She opened her eyes, looked, and shook her head. It was not understood. The wine was brought forward ; the glass put to her lips. A shudder seemed to pass through her body. Her eyes again opened. Her hand rose from her side, it took the glass, and dashed it to the floor !

The kind, good hearted man became frightened ; he thought she had gone mad. He stood aghast !

She rose and stood upon her feet, appearing as one that had risen from the grave. Addressing him, she said : " I humbly beg your pardon sir, if I have acted ungratefully, but I assure you, that I am very, very thankful." Turning to the broken glass, which lay upon the floor, she pointed at it with her finger ; then looking at him, she said : " It is *that* which has caused me to be here ! Do you understand me, sir ?"

He looked, and thought, and said : " I think I do. You mean it is through its influences that you are now suffering."

" I do, Sir ! It has been the curse of my husband ! Without it he was noble ! With it, he goes to the scaffold !"

He looked, he thought, he appeared to be gathering up some fearful determination, he placed his hand in hers, and amid deep emotion, his left hand pointing upward, he said : " I now swear to you, before my Maker, that I will never, as long as I live, allow another drop of intoxicating liquor to enter, or remain in my house ; and I again swear, that I will never, under any circumstances, whatever, partake of it myself."

She answered by thanking God, that she had been permitted to be the instrument of good amidst her sad calamity.

Taking out his watch, he said : " I see the time is drawing near, are you strong enough to hear the remainder of what it is my duty to tell you."

She answered : " Yes, Sir ; I will sit and listen to the end ; I am prepared for anything now !"

" Very well, then. I think I told you what had become of the boy ; but not of the captain. The captain is not seriously injured, but is very sore and shaken, through the severe handling which he received, and the fright he undoubtedly experienced at seeing the poor innocent boy roll lifeless by his side, upon the floor. Your husband, as soon as he saw the crime he had committed, showed signs of intense contrition. I am informed that his remorse was very remarkable, considering the state he was then in ; neither did he want to hide anything in connection with the crime,

but immediately sent for me, and gave himself into my charge. I then sent for a constable, to whom I transferred him. He requested me to follow him to the police station, saying that he wished to make a confession to me. I willingly complied. On arriving there, I requested the use of an office for a short time, also the attendance of the prisoner, which of course, were granted. After taking my seat, I sent for your husband. He came. I bid the door to be closed, and then said : Mr. G——, whatever you have to say to me, you can now say. I will now give you the confession, in his own words, as nearly as my memory will permit, but before I commence you must promise me that nothing which you may hear, shall in any way frighten you."

"I am prepared for anything, sir. I promise!" (She remembered her dream, she was prepared for anything :)

"Very well then, I accept your promise, and will commence."

He said, "Sir, I now wish to tell you, of a crime that I committed in my boyhood : done in a very similar way to the one which I have just been the perpetrator of, but much more horrible in its nature, and which has constantly haunted me and made my life a prey to a smitten and blackened conscience ; until the prospect of death has become to me a pleasure. It is now nearly thirty years ago, since I was, at my early home living with my parents, brothers and sisters. My home was not to say a happy home. It would have been, had it not been for the curse of strong drink, a curse which has haunted me through life, and has now brought me within the prison doors. My father was very much addicted to drink ; in fact, we were all allowed to drink, for in those days no one thought any harm of it ; in fact, a man was hardly thought to be one, without he could drink a good pot of beer. So my father and I, used to go and get our beer together, after I became old enough to work in the shop, and sometimes we used to get too much. The day which I wish to tell you about, was one of those times. We met at the public house some friends, we got talking as people often do, and we got too much ; and after we got back to the shop, we began to talk, and then we got some more beer, and then we began to quarrel, and then I did the same as I have done to-day, only worse. I took up

my hammer, and struck on the head, my own father, and killed him dead. I am, sir, my father's murderer! This, sir, is my confession! Do with me as you will."

Mr. Banks here paused.

Poor woman on hearing this, her lips quivered. Her eyes closed, she was battling against a tempest within. She remembered her promise, and kept it.

Mr. Banks continued: "And now, Mrs. G——, in conversation with him, I found that you knew nothing whatever of this matter."

She shook her head in mournful agony, and said, "Oh no sir, nothing!"

"And that it is a secret at this moment, to everyone, but him, you and myself. I therefore, have come to the conclusion, providing you will agree, and are willing to confide in me, in the same way that I am willing to confide in you, that this crime shall still be kept a secret, and shall not be permitted to go any further than what it has gone; for what good can it possibly do, to anyone, whilst it will do incalculable injury to the minds of you, and your family, and all that may belong to you, or to him. Will you agree to this Mrs. G——?"

"Yes, sir, providing that you agree to his extending the confession, to a clergyman, in my presence."

"Yes, I will agree to that; It would be only perfectly right."

"Thank you, sir."

"Very good then. Now, Mrs. G——, I think it would be advisable, and far better, for you not to see your husband here. Poor unfortunate man, he is in such a very weak state, and is showing so much contrition, that I scarcely think he will ever live to receive the natural punishment of the law for his crime."

"Do you think, sir, there are any hopes, for him, for eternity?"

"I do, providing that he is handled carefully, and kindly. I think, by what I can see of you, Mrs. G——, that you would be the proper person to take charge of that important matter. Now do you agree with me, concerning the advisability of your not seeing him here?"

"I am willing to do whatever you consider best, sir."

"Very good, then. I see it is almost time for me to go; so I will tell you in as few words as possible, what I consider best. Your husband will be brought before me, for examination at the court house, at two o'clock this afternoon; which can only be in a mere formal manner, for the facts are too well known to require anything further, and the coroner's jury having already returned a verdict of wilful murder against him, my only duty will be, to merely commit him to the Bodmin Assizes, under the same charge. But something needs to be done, before the examination in regard to the understanding which we have arrived at, concerning his early crime. "My best plan will be to leave at once, and have an interview with him, inform him of what we wish done, obtain a written confession from him of the occurrence of yesterday, so as to still shorten the examination, leaving out all mention of that which we wish to keep secret. In the meantime, you had better take some lunch, and then order your carriage, and drive to your home. This news will spread, and I think your children will require your presence. In all probability your husband will arrive in Bodmin to-morrow. You will then be able to see him at your discretion."

Rising, he rang the bell, ordered his own carriage to be brought immediately, also lunch to be prepared for Mrs. G——, and her carriage as soon as she might require it. Then turning to her, he said: "I have now to wish you good-bye, and allow me to assure you that you have my heartfelt sympathy, and whenever you may require my assistance in your no doubt difficult future, I am at your command."

Pitiable woman! Trembling, she rose. With a heart tumultuous with the most noble emotions—emotions which can only pour forth from a fountain whose springs are the purest and most sublime! Humanely, it has no higher source than from the heart of a pure and godly mother! Placing her hand in his, she said, "Sir, my teaching to my children has always been, to trust in God; my last command to them, before coming here, was to do so. I now see in you his angel of mercy. Permit me to thank you, from the utmost depths of my heart; a heart now bereaved and filled with earthly dread and shame—a heart bleeding for the future of my worse than fatherless children—for the



eternity of my worse than dead husband !” Placing her left hand to her heart, she said, “Accept the thanks and the blessings of this heart, for the kindness you have so nobly shown to this husband’s wife, to those children’s mother !”

These words spoken with all the energy and beauty of divine inspiration, quite melted Mr. Banks. He could scarcely realise that it was humanity that had been speaking to him. He felt like sinking to the earth. He could not grasp sufficient courage at once to answer. At last regaining self-control, he said, “My good and noble woman, I accept your thanks ; and now, allow me to thank the fate of your unfortunate husband, of your worse than fatherless children, as through it you have been the instrument in saving me from a drunkard’s grave ! Now, good-bye, and may God bless you !”

He was quickly into his carriage, driving with all speed to the cell of William G——. Only one remark fell from his lips on the road ; when he said silently to himself, almost without knowing it, “I am a widower, without children. I am rich. I am not happy. That woman is noble. She, and such as she only, can make a man happy,” and on he went.

## CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVING at the police station, Mr. Banks interviewed the prisoner, then conducted the examination, all resulting precisely as he had portrayed to Mrs. William G——.

Mrs. William G—— partook of the lunch Mr. Banks had ordered for her, and then entered her carriage, and drove rapidly away back to her home, where she arrived at five o'clock in the evening. Stepping out of her carriage, she was astonished to find a large crowd assembled around the door. She was in the act of asking what it meant, when she instinctively remembered what had happened at 'Tin Croft. But still more astonished was she, when she heard whispers saying, "That is his mother." She instinctively expected to hear, "That is his wife." She at once entered the house. She was astonished. All was commotion. It was crowded. There were policemen. She looked on the floor, and she saw *blood*, which sight chilled her to her very soul. She simply stood erect and stared with fright. She heard cries. Whose were they? They came again: they were those of her child; of her darling child, her little son John! She bounded to the stairs. The crowd seemed to disappear before her. She flew into his room, and there beheld her darling child, surrounded by doctors and attendants, lying upon the bed, with a fearfully lacerated arm, bruised and covered with blood. She gave a wild look, and then amidst the echoes of a thrilling, piercing shriek, she fell like an outstretched corpse upon the floor.

So quickly had she entered the room, that no one had noticed her; little John was writhing with agony, and therefore had not noticed her. So profoundly was every one impressed with the probable results of the laceration that little John had received, that no one, not even her son William, who was present, appeared to be moved as he would, under ordinary circumstances, have naturally been.

Jane was called, who, on appearing, and seeing who lay before her, was in the act of giving, what might have been expected, a scream, but was instantly stopped.

One of the doctors now stepped aside; and the fainting mother was borne into another room, where the usual remedies were applied successfully.

On regaining consciousness, she stared around the room wildly. Seeing no one, she cried: "oh my God, spare my life for a little while, for the preservation of my husband's soul, my child, my children!"

It was not until seven o'clock, that she entirely recovered from the intense fright, and was still in a very weak state. She knew something startling had occurred to her, and so began to make enquiries.

The doctor in charge, had in the meantime ordered, that she was not to be allowed, under any circumstance, to see John, without his permission. And when she felt sufficiently strong to see him, and wished to receive his instructions, he was to be sent for.

She was accordingly informed by her daughter who was then instructed by her mother to send for him, which she did.

He arrived at eight o'clock, and was at once shown into the room, where Mrs. William G—— was.

On entering, he bowed. She rose, and said: "are you, sir, the gentleman who left instructions to the effect that you wished to see me."

"I am, Mrs. G——!"

Taking a chair, she said: "be seated, sir, please."

"I have a very lengthy communication to make to you Mrs. G——, I hope you are strong enough to hear it?"

"I will do my best, sir."

"Can I commence now?"

"You can, sir."

"Before I commence, it will be better to tell you, that it is a very startling, and it may prove a very serious affair, which I have to communicate to you. Do you still think that you can listen with composure, in your present state, to a subject of that nature?"

"I will promise, sir."

"By what I have been informed, your little boy, when

returning from school, this afternoon, had occasion to call into the railway work shop, and when passing through the machine shop, met a boy, who appears to have known him. This boy stopped him, and it is said, insultingly told him, that his father had killed a boy at the Tin Croft Mines, and that his father would now be hung. Your boy, naturally resenting such a remark about his father, flew into a passion, saying that if he dared say that again, he would thrash him, or words to that effect. The other then stepped up, and struck him. A scuffle ensued, when your boy's arm became entangled in some of the machinery, I believe it was in the belt of a drilling machine, which drew the arm right in around the wheels, the frame of the machine being within the eighth of an inch of the wheel, came in contact with the arm, and so completely tore the flesh, from the fleshy part of the arm to the elbow. The torn parts were covered with grease and chips of iron from the machine. There is a hole in the flesh, sufficiently large to receive my two fingers, from which I took chips of iron. In fact, it is the worst case of laceration, that I have ever met with in the whole of my experience."

"Is he in danger?"

"I should not like to give a positive answer. There are certainly hopes."

"What has become of the other boy?"

"He is in prison."

"In prison?"

"Yes; and serves the young scoundrel right."

"Now Mrs. G——, your boy will require very careful, and unremitting attendance, and as I have to return to Truro to-morrow, it being only by mere chance that I was in Bodmin to day, I wish to give you all the instructions I can possibly think of, for your guidance."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind."

"There being great danger of inflammation, the only treatment the wound can have for some days, is to constantly bathe it in cold water, day and night, when I say constantly, I mean every few minutes, or when he feels the arm heated. It will also be necessary to keep him perfectly quiet, and not alarm him in any conceivable way. Then in regard to diet, it will be necessary to use great precaution. He has

sustained the loss of a large quantity of blood and to give him heavy or strong food, would be decidedly wrong and dangerous, inasmuch as it would tend to increase inflammation, and that is our great danger. Therefore, I must prescribe something that will increase the blood, gradually, without endangering him. I have therefore decided to prescribe port wine, the best remedy that I can possibly conceive for this case."

"Please try and find some other remedy, sir."

"I cannot, it is the best, and only sure remedy that I can think of."

"Pardon me, sir, but I have a very decided objection to give my child any intoxicating remedies whatever."

"My good woman, you must put aside your objections in such an extreme case as this. It is life or death."

"I would rather bury my child, than permit it, sir."

"I must insist on your withdrawing your objection, and before I go further, I will give you a strong reason for my doing so. A short time ago, a man from your own town, I have forgotten his name, came to our infirmary with a cataract in the eye. It was a bad case, and he became very weak. I being the medical man in charge, prescribed Guinness' Porter. His recovery was complete. I therefore must insist on this being done."

"What sir, are you the man that gave that *Guinness'* prescription?"

"I am."

Rising from her seat, her features drawn, pale and cold like unto a marble statue, with her eyes concentrated upon the only human form that sat before her; raising her hand, and pointing her forefinger at him; she exclaimed. "'Then sir! you are the cause of *murder*!! the true *murderer* (pointing her hand upward) before *God*; morally, before man!'"

The doctor's feelings at this moment, are better imagined than described. It was a woman, who had been addressing him, and he felt the true instincts of a gentleman. He must therefore make all possible allowance.

He rose from his seat with all the self-command, he could possibly bring to his aid; but he still felt a quiver, which he could not control.

Addressing Mrs. G——, he said: "Madam, are you

aware, that you, you have made, a very fearful accusation against me. You must please give me an explanation?"

"I will give it to you! The man whom you say you gave that Guinness' prescription to, is my husband!" The doctor sank back into the chair. He had heard of the murder, the cause he now surmised. "The result of it is, that it brought back his old craving for intoxication, which I had laboured for years by sufferings and *prayers* to eradicate. The craving reinstated by your *orders* has increased and increased, until it has brought him to his present condition! He is now lying in *gaol*, a murderer; the act committed, in a state of intoxication! His victim, a poor widow's child, lying dead at her house! Another victim, lying sore and bruised, at his home! My child lying, it may be dying, upon his bed, in yonder room, through the means of a child-like action of another telling him, what his father had only too truly done! That other now lies in prison; no doubt bringing grief upon a whole family, through a pardonable fault. I stand here, the *wife* of a *murderer*! The *mother* of a *murderer's children*! The *mother* of a poor wounded, darling child, perhaps dying! You tell me you *dare* to *insist* that I am to *repeat* your *murderous prescription* to him! No! That child's body and soul, is in my, his mother's hands!" Stamping her foot on the floor with rage, pointing her forefinger upward. "I will give his *soul* to *God*!" Pointing her finger as it were to the earth, I will give his *body* to the *cold, cold grave*, before I will permit you, to give him, *that* which is carrying his father to the *scaffold*!"

She then fell back into the chair, apparently exhausted.

The doctor now rose, looking dejected, with a feeling of sensational trembling, and approached her, as it were by stealth; and addressing her said: "Mrs. G——,"

"You will please leave me, sir."

"I beseech you madam to hear me!"

"I will do so, providing you do not ask me to do, what I cannot."

"I promise."

"Then proceed."

"Mrs. G—— you have simply astonished, and astounded me, by the accusation which you have just made against me, and it is an accusation which I am bound to

admit, is a just one. But you must do me the justice, of admitting, that I have been an innocent actor, in this chain of horrors !”

“I admit that, sir.”

“Thank you, Mrs. G——, and to show you that I am really in earnest concerning my sorrow for being the instrument whereby such a continuation of sorrow and grief has arisen, I am prepared, not only to withdraw what I have wished you to do, but to promise you, that I will never again prescribe such during the remainder of my life !”

“Are you really in earnest, sir ?”

“I am, and now swear to you, before heaven, that I will keep my word !”

Rising from her seat, with a radiance of joy beaming and glistening in that sorrow-stricken face, she held out her hand, and said, “then sir, here is my hand, *accept the blessing, and forgiveness, of his wife, of his mother !*”

“I accept, madam, with all the gratefulness that I am capable of feeling, or of showing !”

“Thank you, sir !”

“I have now to ask you, if you will permit me, to take charge of your little boy ? I promise you, that if you do, I will do all that medical skill can possibly achieve, to bring about his recovery.”

“You are very kind, sir.”

“Not at all, Mrs. G——, considering what has happened, and the consideration you have shown me, I am at a loss to know how to thank you.”

“You need not mention it, any more, sir.”

“Then I will take the child to the infirmary, as soon as he is sufficiently strong.”

“Can he not stay here ?”

“I think not ; you will have other very trying matters to attend, matters which he is now perfectly ignorant of and of which it would be exceedingly dangerous, in his present state, to permit him to know. I certainly think, our best and only plan will be, to do what I have suggested.”

“Very good, sir, I accept ; but you will promise me, that you will give him your personal attention.”

“I promise that Mrs. G——, and now I have to ask you something, which cannot but be a sacrifice to you, and

that is, for you to give up the idea of seeing him, for a week or two."

"Is it really necessary for his recovery?"

"It is."

"Then sir, great as it is, I make it."

"Thank you Mrs. G——, now the child is in my charge?"

"Yes, sir."

Rising, he said "good night, Mrs. G——."

She rose, saying, "good night, sir," shook hands, and here they parted.

He kept his word. Three days from this we find little John in Truro Infirmary, attended by Dr. Black and his sister Jane.

"When the doctor had taken his departure, William, Thomas, Kate and Jane went at once, to sympathize with their mother, and to hear from her, of all that had befallen them. It was a sorrowful meeting, a meeting not necessary to be described; the stoutest heart can imagine, the impulses of loving hearts, when met under the most afflicting of afflictions. The meeting, considering all that had occurred, was a short one. Mrs. G—— being exceedingly tired, wished to retire to rest. In dismissing them for the night, she said, "my dear children, I have always taught you to trust in God; you do not know how thankful I feel at this moment, for having so taught you. Trust in Him still. Amidst all this grief, I see hope, I see His all-guiding providence, leading us to a haven of rest. Good night, children. Remember my teaching. And they parted.



## CHAPTER VIII.

THE night had been spent in restless rest. It is now morning, and with its early dawn shine forth hours of sadness to our hitherto ill-fated family.

Their meeting at breakfast was very different from the one we last had the pleasure of meeting them at. Scarcely a word was spoken; all appeared to be lost to each other, so sorrowful that we will not dwell upon it. For it does not do to dwell too much upon this world's sorrows. We all know them, we have all felt them. When they come, let us drive them on, and look for worlds anew.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a knock was heard at the door; it was answered by Kate. A gentleman of elderly appearance, stepping out of his carriage, and walking up to the door, said:

"May I ask whether Mrs. G—— lives here?"

"Yes, sir," was Kate's reply.

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to see her?"

"I do."

"She is not very well to-day, sir,"

"Is she ill?"

"No sir, not ill, but very fatigued."

"Then she is up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then would you kindly tell her, that Mr. Banks, of Tin Croft, wishes to see her."

"Oh yes, sir, you are the gentleman, that has been so kind to mamma." He smiled. "Walk inside, sir, please. Take a seat in the sitting-room. I will go at once and tell mamma." Kate went at once, to her mamma's room. Entering, she said, "mamma, the gentleman whom you were telling us about, that has been so kind to you, at Tin Croft, wishes to see you."

"Whom dear, Mr. Banks?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then your father has arrived."

"Arrived, where mamma?"

"Hush my child; where is Mr. Banks?"

"In the sitting-room, mamma."

"Then I will see him."

Mrs. G——, goes to the sitting-room. Enters. There is a silence. Neither appears to be able to speak. After a few moments, Mr. Banks makes a strong effort, and then says, "I am glad to see, that you are not confined to your room, as might have been expected Mrs. G——, after the fatigues of yesterday."

"I am better, sir, than I could have expected. It is the duty which I have to perform and the sympathy that you and others have so generously shown for me, and for my family, that have enabled me to reserve my strength."

"I have called to tell you, that I have just accompanied your husband to the gaol." Her eyes sank and closed. "Don't allow your feelings to overcome you Mrs. G——. She with difficulty, gradually became composed. "But, please listen to me for a few minutes. My reason for accompanying him was, that I found him to be in a far worse state, than I had supposed him to be. I therefore drove him in, in my private carriage, and placed him at once under the doctor's care, who has informed me that my fears are quite justified, and he will not probably live more than two or three days."

"Then he will be saved from the scaffold, thank God! But his soul!"

"I do not think there is any danger Mrs. G——, concerning his soul, when there is such a good doctor as you at hand."

"I hope not. I should, I must see him, to-night."

"That cannot be done. The doctor immediately ordered him to bed, not even allowing time for the usual examination to be gone through. Therefore it would be impossible for you to see him to-night; but I have made arrangements whereby you can see him to-morrow at ten o'clock. I will call for you, with my carriage, if you will permit me."

"Oh, certainly, sir, you are very, very kind." And she began to weep ; Mr. Banks doing something very similar.

"Then matters are understood."

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, then, to-morrow morning, at a quarter to ten, I will be here." They rose and shook hands. "Good afternoon, Mrs. G——."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Banks." She went to show him the door ; but he bid her not, saying, "you are too weak." And so the interview ended.

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## CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER night has been spent amidst ceaseless, sleepless fear. Morning dawns upon us with dark and ominous clouds. Day breaks, and with its sunbeams the clouds lose their sombre aspect. Precisely at a quarter to ten, a knock was heard at the door. It was answered by Kate.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning, sir!"

"Is your mamma ready?"

"Yes, sir, quite ready; walk into the sitting room, Mr. Banks, and I will call mamma."

"No thank you, just call her, and I will remain here."

Kate calls her mamma. She immediately makes her appearance, her face covered with a deep black veil.

"Good morning, Mrs. G——?"

"Good morning, Mr. Banks;"

And they both passed out of the door, and into the carriage; and so drove away, to that dismal abode of the unfortunate, called Bodmin Gaol. At ten o'clock, they found themselves before those massive iron gates, that all have to pass through before entering within those dread-exciting walls.

The turnkey turns his massive key. He opens those massive gates, and you are ushered in to where all are dread and fear, amidst which you unconsciously exclaim, "What all has happened to produce those gates and walls; to cause such ceaseless dread and fear?"

On entering, Mr. Banks inquired for the doctor, to whose apartments he was shown. Mrs. G—— remained in the waiting room. He was informed by the doctor that the prisoner had not yet been placed in a cell; the doctor considering that it would be decidedly dangerous to do so at present; but still thought that his wife might be allowed to see him, for a short time.

Having received this permission, Mr. Banks at once

proceeded to conduct Mrs. G—— to the room where the prisoner was confined. Considering that it would be better for no one to be present during this meeting, he merely showed her to the door, and she passed in.

And what did she here behold ?

Upon the bed there lay a dilapidated form with sunken eyes casting forth a piercing, deathful glare ; with sunken cheeks, dried and shriveled ; bones almost perceptible through the withered skin ; lips parched and dried, enclosing a tongue which moved to and fro, endeavouring to find something, whereby it might moisten the scorched remains, and cool the fire within.

Before this form she stood, and gazed unnoticed. At first, she felt her heart melting within her, as if she must fall to the floor ; but a flash flew across her sinking heart. It cried. "Your duty ! His soul !"

Gathering, and concentrating all the strength at her command, she stepped forward, to the bedside, and said quietly, "William." The sound went through the wretched man, like a shock of electricity. The sunken eyes rose, and flashed beams of joy. The cheeks seemed to expand. The lips seemed to moisten. The tongue ceased its wanderings, and all appeared joy ; and then all closed, apparently, nothing remained, but a form of clay.

"Oh, oh William ;" she cried. His eyes opened ; he put out his hand ; she was in the act of taking it ; her finger touched it, when she withdrew it with an unconscious feeling that it had been stung by a viper ! The feeling grew, to a sensational trembling ! That being was her husband ; yet her own hand would not be commanded. It dared her to put it near him ! A glimmering, magic scene, appeared before her. It was a *Magic Wall*, that was now built, between those once united beings a barrier that was impossible, for mortal hand to break. One was, an unforgiven murderer ; the other a good and noble woman !

Clasping her hands, she cried, "oh God ; oh God, have mercy !"

He looked up and said, "Jane, I am a murderer ; no mercy for me. I am dying, and I am going to hell !"

"No, never" cried she, "God is a merciful God, Re-

pent and ask forgiveness, in the name of your Saviour, and He will pardon you !”

The poor man looked up and said, “Saviour, Saviour, who is that ?”

She whispered, “Jesus Christ, who died for all our sins.”

His sad face brightened, and he said, “Does that mean, Jesus Christ died for all my sins ?”

“Yes, William, for all your sins, if you will only confess and repent.”

His face became, if possible, more wretched ; he said, “I have confessed ; I have repented, but I am not forgiven.”

“But that has been to man, not to God.”

“I am so weak—my sins so many—my time so short, that I cannot, I have not strength. I am lost for ever !”

“No, no, William, not lost for ever—only now. Repent from the heart to God, through Christ, and you are saved.”

“The heart through Christ. Ah, ah ! Christ will not listen to me. My father ! That boy !”

“I see what is troubling you, William ; I know all. I will call a clergyman, and tell him before you, as I see you are too weak, to do so yourself, and then we will pray for you. Shall I do that !”

“Yes, you know all, all, but you can’t forgive me.”

“Yes, William, I forgive you, and will pray that God, also forgive you !”

“Oh Jane, oh Jane ! How good, how good !” He smiled and there was hope.

She went to the door, opened it, and there was good Mr. Banks, still waiting.

“Oh sir, I was not aware, that you had been waiting so long,”

Mr. Banks smiled. “Is there anything that I can do.”

“I came to get the clergyman. I do not think there is any time to be lost. He is very low.”

“I will get him.”

“Oh thank you,” and off he went. In a few minutes he was back, accompanied by the gaol clergyman ; an elderly and good pious man, whose whole enjoyment in life consisted in helping and consoling the fallen.

She met him at the door, and in a few words told him,

what required to be done. They entered, and slowly approached the dying man. Each taking a chair, by the bedside. Mrs. G—— commenced to confess, on his behalf the whole of what may be considered sins or crimes which he had committed in his life. After giving all that she knew, or could remember, she turned to him and said, "is there anything more William you wish me to tell."

"No. But can I be forgiven for all this?"

The kind old man, then took him by the hand, and said, "yes, God will forgive you all of this, and more, if you will only repent, and ask Him through His Son, who died for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you, and for me."

He smiled, and said, "Oh pray for me."

The good, and noble Christian man and woman, then knelt down by the side of that prison bed, and offered up to their God, to his God, to our God, in the name of his Son, a prayer that our boasted Christianity seldom produces. It was a prayer from hearts, not from lips. It went up, and forgiveness came down; and that murderer was a forgiven man! That *Magic Wall* fell to the ground, and that man, and that woman once more became of one flesh, of one mind, and united in praising God for saving his lost soul, at the brink of eternity!

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## CHAPTER X.

THE dark and dismal clouds of the morning have been broken, and we have looked through their streaks of light, and have there realized those angelic gains. We will now seek for our reward, which will be found.

The doctor enters the prisoner's room, where he finds him attended by his wife, and the gaol clergyman. He examines the patient. He shakes his head, turns to the clergyman, and whispers, "he cannot live more than a few hours ;" and then departs.

The kind old gentleman, steps up to the bed side, takes the dying man by the hand, and says, "My good fellow christian, I am informed, that your time is unavoidably near. Is there any request, or wish, that you have to make, before you leave this world for ever."

"Yes, my children." "You wish to see them?"

"Yes, oh yes, before I die!"

"Would you wish to take bread and wine, in remembrance of the Body and Blood of Christ, with them?"

"With my children?" "Yes."

"Oh yes, thank you! thank God," and the saved departing soul's face, beamed with christian joy.

The clergyman addressing Mrs. G—— said, "You have heard his request. I think it will be better for you to remain here, and I will go with Mr. Banks, bring your children, and make the other necessary preparations."

"Thank you sir, you will please explain to the children, how matters are."

"Oh certainly, I will do that carefully ;" and he left.

Mrs. G—— was once more alone, with her now Christian husband, and remained so for nearly two hours. She spent this time in improving and strengthening her husband's happiness, by alternately praying and speaking to him concerning Christ's Kingdom, and that the time would



come when she and their children would meet him there, and rejoice together.

A knock at the door was heard. She rose and opened it. It was her children, the clergyman and Mr. Banks.

Little Kate exclaimed, "mamma, you look so happy!"

"Yes, my dear. Your father is going to heaven." And all seemed to smile.

They entered, and when the children looked upon that form, they stopped and wept! That form wept also, but pointed its finger to Heaven! Little Kate stepped forward, and taking her father's hand, said, "papa we only weep for joy!" He drew her near, and whispered, "and so do I!"

The children, one by one, now followed Kate's example, all shaking their father's hand. "But where is John, is he not here? Can I not see him, before I die?"

Mrs. G——, "John is ill, William. He may meet you in heaven soon, but he cannot meet you here!"

"Then children, take him my dying love!" Raising himself up upon the bed, sitting upright in an astonishing manner, he added: "And the words, which I speak to you, repeat to him!" Lifting his hand up, he said, "children hear your father's dying words!" They knelt upon the floor. "I have lived a life of sin and crime, caused by being allowed in my childhood to use *strong drink*! The habit grew and grew upon me, until it has brought me here its *victim*! And now I commend you unto your mother, and her *teaching* for ever! Yes to your *mother*, who has saved me, from *eternal fire*! And now, I wish you good-bye," holding out his hand, "*for ever*! And they shook hands; to shake hands no more with him on earth.

Turning to his wife, he said, "Jane, I have no words to thank you! Good-bye!" Then lifting his hand, he cried, "and now, I shake hands with *Christ*!" He fell back and died.

Wife, mother, children, clergyman, magistrate, all wept for joy! Why? Because her husband's, their father's, their christian brother's soul was now in Heaven.

## CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT of sleepless, sorrowful joy has been passed; morning has again come, and with it has arrived a last and solemn duty. It is the day when the mortal remains of the late William G——, son of the late James G——, of St. Neot, have to be carried to and placed in their last earthly abode.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the remains were interred in the gaol grave yard, amidst the weeping, sorrowful joy of his wife, his children and his friends. For why was there joy? Because they looked to Heaven, and there they saw his soul.

Upon the simple stone placed at the head of the grave, are the following words:

“WILLIAM G——,  
SON OF JAMES G——,  
Of the Parish of St. Neot, Cornwall,  
ENGLAND,  
*Died March 10th, 18—.*”

END OF FIRST PART.

## PART II.

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### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was in March last that we saw John, our hero, at Truro Infirmary, attended by Dr. Black and Jane. It is now June, and we find him at Dr. Black's private residence, almost entirely recovered. Jane has gone home to Bodmin, her attendance not being any longer necessary. John is perfectly happy. His mamma has been to see him three times, and the doctor has promised him that he would send for her again in about a week.

John's recovery was very remarkable. The case was really much worse than any one had supposed; consequent on the large quantity of blood lost, the torn veins and muscles, the flesh jagged and hagged; in fact, it would be impossible to illustrate the sickening sight. The removal from Bodmin to Truro, which Dr. Black found really necessary to do, from his inability to be away from the infirmary, and the excitement and trouble which were then at John's home; all tended to make John's case a very bad one.

But John was by nature a brave little fellow, and he had been taught to trust in God, and so he did and never murmured.

Three days after his arrival, it was decided to amputate his arm. The doctors made all the preparations necessary to do so, and proceeded to perform the operation, when Dr. Black stepped forward, and asked to be allowed to make a last careful examination, which he was permitted to do. The doctor discovered some healthy spots in the flesh, which he carefully pointed out to his professional brothers, and asked them whether it would not be well to allow it to stand over for another day. They consented.

The next day arrived. They met to again examine, and they found it still better, and they again decided to put it off for another day. One of the doctors brought forward the diet question. Doctor Black knew this would be a difficult matter to get over; so he thought it would be better to take a side action. So he said, "Gentlemen, I am taking a particular interest in this case, and am attending the patient more as a nurse than a doctor; so if you will allow the question of diet to remain in my hands, I do not think the patient will suffer from it."

All were satisfied with this arrangement; and so the wine question was evaded.

On the succeeding day, they met again for examination and consultation, when all was found to be progressing favorably, and they decided that the case should be allowed to remain in Dr. Black's hands for the future.

So little John's arm was saved; his mother's teaching was obeyed; and now we find him, at Dr. Black's, as his guest; happy and anxious for his mamma's fourth arrival.

The day of his mamma's arrival came; and then there was great rejoicing for little John. His arm was still in a sling, and still he managed to jump a little; he asked all sorts of questions and queries, until his poor but good mother must have been tired; but tired she never appeared to be, when with her darling child, teaching him if possible, something she had neglected in the past.

This visit of John's mother, was an important one for him; no one interested, had the slightest idea of the effect it was to have in connection with his future career.

In the evening, after dinner, Dr. Black requested Mrs. G—— to step into the library, saying, "I have some private matters, which I wish to speak to you about, Mrs. G——." They enter. When seated, he said: "Mrs. G——, I wish to speak to you concerning the future of your son. I suppose you would prefer having him trained to be a mechanic?"

"That is my intention, sir, as soon as he becomes sufficiently strong."

"How old is he now?"

"In his thirteenth year."

"Rather young to go to work."

"Yes, sir, but he has no father to work for him now, and I must train him to earn his own living; for what would the helpless child do, if anything happened to me?"

"True, Mrs. G——, you are quite right. What trade did you intend putting him to?"

"Blacksmithing or engineering."

"That would be heavy work."

"Yes, sir, but they are good trades."

He shook his head. "I have taken particular notice of John, since he has been in my house, and I have come to a decided conclusion, in connection with him."

The woman became pale, what was coming, nothing could be wrong with her child.

"My opinion of him is, that if carefully trained, and proper advantages are given him he is to become a very clever, and perhaps a great man."

She blushed for joy, and said, "do you really think so, sir?"

"I do!"

She shook her head, her eyes moistened. "It is impossible for him to have those advantages now. He can have no other than to obtain his livelihood by the sweat of his brow."

"I think it is better to inform you that his arm can never fully recover its strength again, and being his right arm it would be simply impossible for him to work at the trades you speak of or any work which causes or requires any powerful exertion with the arm."

"Then, sir, what do you think he is able to do?"

"He has got a head, which should be used."

"Yes, sir, but that requires money, and I have none, but what I and my children earn from day to day. Oh, poor child, if that is the case I see nothing before him but helpless poverty!"

"And what are you now engaged in Mrs. G——?"

"I have commenced to take in millinery and dress-making which my eldest daughter assists me in doing at night after she leaves the store where she is engaged in the same business. My youngest daughter who is in her fifteenth year, remains home from school, and attends to the housework, assisting me at odd times. My two sons, William

and Thomas, are working at their trades, and live at home. We are still in the same house, and are pulling along together nicely, and I think will succeed in keeping our home together."

"You appear to be a very united family, Mrs. G——."

"Oh yes, sir, I have always taught my children to trust in God; and they do so."

"Now, in regard to John. As I have told you I have every confidence in his future, providing he has proper advantages given him. I have therefore decided, to ask you to allow me to give him those advantages."

"Oh sir. Thank you! Thank you. If he is willing, I cannot refuse."

"Very good then. If he is willing, the understanding is that he is to remain with me, and I am to give him an education, and fit him for what path of life I think most suitable for him. Do you agree?"

"Oh yes, sir! I cannot express my thanks to you."

"I will call John, and we will have the matter settled at once."

Calls John. John enters.

"John, your mother has permitted me, providing you agree, to keep you here altogether, and educate you in a thorough manner. What I mean by thorough manner, is to send you to college as soon as you are old enough."

"And then I can become clever, and a great man?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Then I agree. For that is what I want to be."

This arrangement being satisfactory to all parties, the interview came to an end. Mrs. G——, expressing her heartfelt thanks to the doctor for his great kindness, and giving John a motherly admonition concerning his future conduct, in order to show her appreciation of his unexpected good fortune.

Mrs. G—— left by the next morning train for Bodmin, and for the next three years we find matters going on much as we have left them. John goes to school, and then to college, where he makes all the progress, and gives all the satisfaction that the doctor had predicted and desired.

He proved also an excellent boy, and had entirely won the affection of the doctor and in fact of every one he met.

During school holidays, he was allowed to go home, where he always found himself the pet of the family, and no one grudged him his good fortune, and every person appeared to think, that he had only obtained what he deserved. And so these three years of John's life were three years of complete happiness.

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## CHAPTER II.

IT is now July, 18—, and we find a complete whirl-wind gathering around John; and in a few months we find it driving him like a distressed vessel, drifting upon the furious ocean.

During the month of June, Dr. Black had been daily complaining of not being very well, but no one took any particular notice of him. All knew that the doctor had for a long time been ailing, and that he was troubled with heart disease, nothing more.

On the morning of July the 1st, John went to the doctor's bedroom, as it was his custom to do, to wish him good morning, and to inquire whether he had any orders to send to the servants. He first knocked, as he usually did. No answer. He knocked again with the same result. He then opened the door and walked in. The doctor, he supposed, was sleeping, so he walked up to the bed and took him by the hand and called out "doctor," with the intention of waking him. No answer came. Feeling his hand again, "well," says he, "old fellow, how in the mischief you can sleep so cold as this, I don't know!" He pulled his hand again, this time hard and called, "doctor," quite loudly, when the doctor answered by his mouth falling open as widely as it could and his eyes still more widely, if possible. "Oh, oh!" cried John, "it is the devil, and not the doctor!" and off he ran, out of the room and down the stairs, crying, "cook, cook, the devil is in the doctor's bed and he is quite stiff and as cold as ice!"

"The devil in the doctor's bed, stiff and cold as ice! A queer devil that, master Johnny. Go off with you, sir! You are a fooling me."

"No, no! I am not. Come up and see."

"Come hup and see the devil? Well, master Johnny, that's a queer invite. I gets 'im in the kitchen hoften enough, and 'ot too, leaving alone a going to visit 'im."



"Well but please cook, do come ; there is something there. Oh do come !"

"But are you a fooling me now, sir ?"

"Oh no, cook ! I promise you I am not."

"Then I'll go."

They enter. "Why laur, it's the doctor ! and he's dead !"

"Dead ?" cried John.

"Dead ! yes, child—what I've expected to find some odd morning. 'Is 'art has been a kicking a long time, and now he's kicked his breath out." Pointing her finger at the corpse, "and that's your devil, eh ?"

"How can you talk like that, cook ?" and John burst into tears

"Pah ! I've seen many of them sort of things before. Dosen't frighten me a bit. Never gave aught to me but what I worked for. Can soon get another master."

"How dare you talk in that way, cook ?"

"Pooh ! what do I care for you ? Your fine times is over."

"You ungrateful thing—leave ?"

"Yes, when I likes."

John, disgusted with this creature, left and went direct to the infirmary, and informed the resident medical gentleman, Dr. Basset, of what had happened, who at once accompanied John back to the late Dr. Black's residence, and found that the doctor had died, during the night, of heart disease.

It was the first dead man John had ever seen, which accounts for the foregoing scene.

Dr. Black had never married, and it was found that he had died intestate ; his property going to the nearest akin. So poor John found himself, as the cook had predicted, with good times gone.

After the funeral and other matters had been settled. John found no other choice, but to go home. Home he went, and there he found, what appeared to him as if the world was turning upside down. He was first told, that his brother William was going to get married in a few weeks. Then his sister Jane, was to do likewise ; and very quietly, and confidentially he was informed, by his mother, that after those two events were over, she was going to follow in the same path, of human progress.

"Then I never had but one father, and I am not going to have another! So here's off."

"My dear child, you are speaking ungratefully. God has been so kind to you, and is still providing so bountifully for you. And besides John, you have a weak arm. My dear boy! What are you going to do?"

"Well I am not going mamma, to have any new father; and I will find something to do."

"But my dear boy, what can you do, besides going to school?"

"Oh, I can find something to do. Any one that wishes to work, can find it."

"But my dear child, you cannot work?"

"Oh, but I can, and will!"

"Now, my dear John, you are really unkind, and ungrateful. Mr. Banks is so kind, and has offered to send you to college, and do all for you that Dr. Black was doing. He is going to take Kate home with us too."

"Is that the man you are going to be married to? Why, that's the magistrate you got that telegram from! He going to send me to school, and do what the doctor was doing for me! No fear, he won't do anything of the kind. No; I am going to work for myself—do what I can for myself, and then I won't have to thank any one."

"Oh John! John, this is too bad, I should never have thought that you could have been so unkind! Do you know what Mr. Banks has done for us in the past?"

"I never heard."

She told him all about his father, which he never knew before; more than that he had died when he was sick. On hearing all this he turned very pale, but strangely did not weep, as might have been expected from a boy of his age.

At last he said, "Well, Mr. Banks must be a very kind man, and I should like to thank him. But for all that he cannot be my father! And another thing, I don't care about being around here if my father has done all this. No, I am going, mamma; but there is one thing I will promise you; that I won't do anything bad! I will work for my living, honestly."

"Do you really mean to tell me, my boy, that nothing will keep you?"

"Nothing, mamma. I am bound to go! I want to be a great man! And I don't see anything great about living with and being supported by what they call a stepfather! No, I am going, and I do not care what I do, to begin with, as long as it is honest work."

"I am very glad to hear, my boy, this latter part of your determination. But my dear child, how can I reconcile myself to it? Will you promise me to keep and obey my teaching all your life long?"

"That's just what I want to do, mamma; so I will promise!"

"Then may God bless you, my child!"

"Thank you, mamma!"

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## CHAPTER III.

**W**E are now in September 18—, and we find our hero commencing his flunky life in the family of R. Fox, Esqr., of the Town of Falmouth, some forty miles from home, in the capacity of boy of all work, at a salary of six pounds per annum, board and lodging. A very humble occupation, with a meagre salary. But as John said, when his brothers and sisters were blaming him, for taking such a situation, "its honest, and I will beat you yet." And beat them yet he did.

But Poor John had trials to go through in flunkyl-land, that he never dreamt of finding there. He found, that he had socially fallen over an immense precipice. A college boy to a flunky boy, in English eyes there was no comparison; to an ordinary boy it was a precipice impossible to re-climb; to John, the prospects of it were his nightly dreams, his daily delight.

Mr. Fox, John's present employer, was a gentlemanly, and kind man, particular in all his household matters. And proved a good trainer for John, in fitting him for his flunky career.

John remained in his present situation for the space of two years, during which time, he gave every satisfaction in the fulfilment of his duties. His duties were to clean the boots, knives, bring up the coal, sweep the yard, clean his masters clothes, go messages, and wait at table.

John was now in his eighteenth year, and had arrived at the conclusion, that it was time to advance a little, from the above routine. He therefore obtained a situation as indoor man servant with Colonel Fenwick who lived in the same town, at a salary of £12 per year, which was quite an increase on his former wages. He remained in this situation eighteen months, when he again had come to the conclusion, that it was time to advance. He obtained a situation as lady's footman to Gen. Sir Patrick Templeton's

Lady who resided at Clifton, Bristol, about 180 miles from Falmouth, at a salary of £25, two suits of livery, and a plain morning suit per year.

This was considered by every one a splendid advance in flunkyland. More than double the salary, with the addition of livery and plain clothes. Then there was also the improvement in rank of family. For in flunkyland they rank in ratio with the rank of their masters. In fact, to the flunkys of Falmouth, John became an object of good-natured jealousy, when it was announced among their lordships that he had obtained such a position, such a long way away. A young fellow of nineteen years, to get such a position. It appeared to them, and really was immense, in flunkydome.

So John proceeded, on the first of February, 18—, to Clifton, to occupy his new position; where he arrived late in the evening. He was received by the butler, a middle-aged man of heavy dimensions, who carried airs sufficient for the Lord Chancellor of all Great Britain. John was at once shown by this important personage to his room, and informed, when ready there was supper awaiting him in the servants' hall. This was all done politely, but there was a stiffness about it, which was repugnant to John's kind and open nature, something which he could not complain of; but it was something which chilled him to his heart. The fact was, John had arrived into the heart of flunkyland, and this was his first taste of its fruits. After supper the butler informed him that he might retire to bed, and that he would not be required to assume his duties until after breakfast next morning, when he wished to give him his instructions. John thanked him, and retired to his room.

Next morning came, and with it breakfast, when John had to be introduced to what were now his fellow-servants. This was also done by the butler, and done with as much etiquette as if it had been a royal reception. Every personage taking precedence according to his or her rank, in this land of honour. On John entering the servants' hall, escorted by the corpulent butler, they all immediately rose. John bowed. Then the grand reception commenced. The first introduction was to the housekeeper, a corpulent elderly widow, who bent her back and put out her hand, as if they

had been stiffened with pasteboard for the occasion. It took the form of, "Mr. John G——, her ladyship's footman;" "Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper;" a bow, followed by a touch of the pasteboard-stiffened hand. Next her ladyship's maid, who was certainly a squeamish old maid; for she was composed of a tall and slender figure, with features to suit. They comprised a roman nose; eyes grey, dried with apparent shedding of opportunity tears; mouth large, and lips thin, as if they had been used for other purposes beside childlike fraternity. Teeth glistening with gold; cheeks slightly sunken; skin positively dry. In demeanour dignified, thoroughly impressed with the rank and importance of her position. She passed for thirty, but John said he had "an idea, that she was forty." We will not go further into the individuality of the household, than to say they were a grave and dignified household, sufficiently so to make our hero imagine the master and mistress to be Greek statues.

After the reception of her ladyship's footman, breakfast commenced. John was seated at the left of the housekeeper, who tried to make herself as agreeable as possible; but John was not equal to the occasion. He felt his heart heavy, or in other words, he felt disgusted with the royal reception into flunkyland, and decided at that table that he did not wish to die within its jurisdiction. Breakfast being over, the butler requested John's attendance, to receive his instructions regarding the grave and important duties of his office. He was first shown his clothes, which were a plain, neat suit for morning work; a suit of livery of very picturesque cut; coat, swallow-tail, of a bright blue cloth, bound with red piping-cord, largely supplied with gold buttons, having the Templeton family monogram blazingly stamped thereon; vest, red silk, with buttons as per coat; breeches, of blue velvet, tied in at the knees; stockings, purple silk; shoes, patent, with silver buckles; overcoat, for driving or walking in unfavorable weather, of dark blue, plentifully supplied with the everlasting monogram gold buttons; gloves, white; hat, with three corners, made of silk, which was introduced into the Templeton family about two centuries previous to John's entrance into the world. This was John's outfit, and a thought ran through his mind, that if he ever got inside

of them, he would then know the meaning of the word transfiguration.

The butler then took him around the house, showing him all the different apartments, and explaining their different purposes; all was immense grandeur, such as John had never before beheld. His heart still became more impressed with all he saw, until he began to feel as one stupefied with a drug. Having now reached the pantry, the butler commenced to tell him his several duties. We will not attempt to go into such a minute description of them as the butler did; but will content ourselves with an illustration.

"Your first work in the morning will be to clean 'er ladyship's boots, and anything helse that she may horder or require. Then you will assist in laying the cloth for breakfast; and when waiting you will attend to 'er ladyship, never leaving 'er, without it his to go for anything she may want; and then not to leave the room, but send the page, who will be hin attendance. When she 'as hall she requires, remain standing behind 'er chair, and never leave, hunder any circumstances whatever. Hat lunch and dinner, you will do the same, and hat hall times when waiting. When 'er ladyship goes out, hit his your duty to go with 'er. Hif she goes hin the carriage, then you sit hon the box; and whenever the carriage stops you get hoff, and hopen the door half-ways, making sure to touch your hat and bend your back when speaking to her. Hevery answer you give, touch your hat. Mind, this his a very himportant matter; the last one was discharged for not doing hit has he hought to do hit. Then when 'er ladyship goes hout to walk, hit his your duty to walk behind 'er, about ten paces, and never go nearer, under any circumstances, without she beckons to you. Hif she his shopping, then you remain houtside the shop door, without she tells you to come hin, then you can go. And now, mind you remember what I tell you about these matters, for they are the most himportant hof your duties. Hif you do these hall right, you will be halright; if you don't, you will be hall wrong, and then you go. A pretty soft job for you, my boy, honly you better take care!"

"Of course, when I go out in this way, I wear my own private clothes; and not those variegated button ones?"

"You d—d fool, do you think so? Why that's what they keep such has you for, man his to wear, and show hoff them varigated buttons, has you call them. The general's family, has had, that livery for centuries, hand they keep you to get hinto them, to show them hoff. A soft job hi think!"

"So I am to be kept, for a show you tell me."

"That's just what your for. Hisn't that heavy enough for you?"

"To be kept for a show, means to be kept for a fool; and although you tell me I am one, I am not going to be one, for the Templeton family, or any other family, sir!"

"Then do you mean to tell me, that you wont wear the livery?"

"I do."

"And do you hexpect, to stop here, and not wear hit?"

"I mean to say, that I will not wear them around the streets."

"Then you are going to give hup a good situation, hin a first class family, with good wages, and nothing hardly to do, because you don't like getting hinside a suit of good warm clothes. Now you 'ad better think over the matter, young fellow before hi go, and tell 'er ladyship."

"My answer is, that I am not going to be a fool for any man!"

"Then your hanswer his, that you wont wear the livery, hor you leave?"

"That is my answer."

"Then I guess, hile take that to the General, and see what he says about a footman who thinks 'imself too good to wear the Templeton livery. Well, you hare a goose!"

The butler goes to the General.

"If you please General, I am come to hinform you that er ladyship's new footman hobjects to wearing livery."

"Objects to wearing my livery, eigh? For what reason?"

"He says he's not going to be a fool."

"What can he mean by that?"

"I don't know General. Shall I please, send 'im to you? I can do nothing with 'im."

"Yes, send him to me, and I will soon teach him to obey orders, when he receives them!"



The butler returned to John. "The General wishes to see you in the library."

John goes to the library. Knocks. Enters. Bows to the General. "And who are you, sir?"

"I am John G——, sir, who has been engaged as footman, by Lady Templeton."

"And what is the reason, you object to wearing livery, if you have been engaged as footman?"

"I did not know, sir, that I had to walk behind Lady Templeton, through the streets with them. Which I cannot do!"

"You cannot do! What do you mean, sir; that you consider yourself above walking behind Lady Templeton?"

"I mean to say that I will not walk behind anyone dressed in such ridiculous clothes."

"What! Do you mean to be insulting?"

"Oh no, Sir Patrick Templeton, I do not mean to insult you."

"Insult me! You contemptible flunk! Would you dare to insinuate such a thing?"

"I am no more contemptible, than you are, sir! And I dare you to insinuate that again!"

The General, now rising in an uncontrollable fury, ordered John to immediately leave the room, rang for the butler, ordered him "to place that fellow out of the house within five minutes," which was strictly obeyed, the latter enjoying the fun immensely.

John was now out upon the wide, wide world. Thrown out of doors, loss of character, unpardonably lost, no one would think of employing him again in flunkyland, after having insulted his master, by saying what he felt. At first he was almost inclined to weep; but when the tears came to his eyes a feeling of contempt for himself rose within him. To weep, was not the action of a man, it was the action of a child, the eyes dried, the will was once more bent on the word success.

Taking up a paper, he read: "agents wanted, for a scholastic house. Apply B. H. & Co., Regent St., London. "I ought to be able to do that. I have been to college. I have made good use of my time since. I have read all the books I could get hold of, have used all my spare

hours in improving myself, and am a better scholar to-day, than I was when I left college. I will apply for it." He sat down, and wrote the application.

By the return mail, he received the offer of an appointment on commission, for Gloucestershire, Somersetshire and Wiltshire. He at once accepted. Sending for his samples, he commenced to canvass without delay all the public and private schools, travelling through the whole of the three counties, in three months. John did exceedingly well, obtaining a large number of orders, and after paying all expenses, he found that he had cleared £8, the most money he had ever yet owned, at one time, in his life.

He had completed the work assigned him, and now wanted further employment. Seeing an advertisement for servants, on the Midland Railway, he determined to apply. At once did so. In reply he received an order, to go to Derby for examination. He complied. Arriving at Derby, he was directed to the examination office, where he met quite a motley crowd on the same business.

In a short time the examination commenced, when in its turn, the name of John was called. John enters.

"Take off your boots."

"Take off my boots!"

"Yes, off with them."

John takes them off.

"Now stand in under there."

John stands in under there, and a weight comes down on his head. "Mind, that's my head!"

"Well, that's what I want to get to. Got anything in it?"

"I suppose so."

"Numerous?"

"What do you mean?"

"Here's your height, 5 feet 8½ inches, take that into Mr. Hump, and he will see what I mean."

John goes to Mr. Hump.

"What is your name?"

"John G——, sir."

"What has been your former employment?"

"Gentlemen's servant, and agent, sir."

"With whom have you been employed?"

"I was first two years with Mr. Fox of Falmouth. Then eighteen months, with Colonel Fenwick of Falmouth, I then came to General Sir Patrick Templeton, of Clifton, Bristol ; since then I have been agent for Messrs. B. H. & Co., of London."

"How long were you employed, with General Sir Patrick Templeton, of Clifton, Bristol?"

"I arrived there, sir, at nine o'clock on the evening of the first of February. I left sir, at ten o'clock, on the morning of the second of February."

"Both days being in the same month, of the same year?"

"Yes, sir, they were all in this year!"

"Did you leave, of your own accord?"

"No, sir, I did not!"

"You can go. You'll do!"

"Thank you, sir." Bows and leaves.

John returned to Bristol, feeling disgusted with his country. Man was treated, as if he were a dog, and John was determined, that he would not be a dog, for any man. Three days after his return, he received a communication from the Midland Railway ; stating that his services would not be required.

Poor John had lost his character. General Sir Patrick Templeton, had got it : and John, in the land, of so-called freedom, was his slave.

His only remedy was, to go humbly, and beg his pardon. But there was something, within John, that would not permit him to beg the pardon of a man, who had called him a contemptible flunk, simply because he was trying to earn his livelihood honestly ; and had ventured to say what he thought when asked, "No !" says John, "I will die first ! Here's going for lands new, where all are equal in the sight of man, as well as of God ! A land where merit rules, and not the descendants of past oppressors !"

This land John called *Canada*.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT is now the 18th of May, 18—, and we find John at the emigration office, which is situated near the G. W. R. terminus, Bristol, when the following conversation took place between John and the Dominion of Canada emigration agent.

"I want to go to Canada."

"What part of Canada would you like to go to?"

"Well, I came to ask you. I thought you could advise me."

"Would you like to go to city, town or country?"

"I think a city would suit me best."

"Then I would advise you to go to Toronto."

"For what reason?"

"My reason is, that Toronto is almost entirely English speaking. It is also a very fine city, in fact, the second city in Canada."

"Then you think, it will be the best place, I can go to at the present time?"

"I do, most decidedly!"

"Then, I will go. And I want to go, as quickly as possible, please."

"Would you like to obtain an assisted passage? If you do I can get you one."

"Well, I have not much money. If I could get an assisted passage I suppose it would be better, so as to have as much money as possible when I get there. How much would an assisted passage be?"

"£4 15s., and then after you have been in the country three months, you will be entitled to *six dollars* from the *Ontario Government*, which is equal to about £1 4s of our money."

"Very good then, you can get me an assisted passage."

"You will have to get your papers signed by a clergyman."

"I don't like asking a clergyman to do anything of the kind for me."

"Never mind, I will get that done."

"What is your business?"

"It has been gentlemen's servant."

"Then I shall have to put you in as *farm laborer*, so as to get the papers passed through the London office. Do you object to that?"

"Oh, no, put me in at what you like."

"I shall want you to make a deposit, we generally take from 10s. to a £1."

"Allright, here is a £1. When can I go?"

"I will try and get you off, by the next steamer. Call in three days from now."

"At the end of three days, John was again at the emigration office."

"Has my ticket come?"

"Yes, it is already. Would you like to take your railway ticket right through to Toronto? I can give it you cheaper than you can get it out there."

"Very good then, I will take it. How much will that be?"

"£1 2s. If you bought it out there, it would be about £1 7s. John gives the money, in all £5 17s., and obtains his tickets to take him from Liverpool to Toronto."

"I have written to a friend of mine in Liverpool, and he will meet you at the station to-morrow morning, and see you on board the steamer."

"Oh, thank you! Good bye." They shook hands and parted.

To-morrow morning, at three o'clock, John arrived in Liverpool, a railway policeman asking him, whether he was the person that Mr. R——, of the Temperance Hotel was expecting. He said he was.

"He 'as asked me to take you hup to the house."

"Oh, thank you, can you take me now?"

"Yes." They go to the house, when John is shown to a bed-room, and informed that breakfast will be ready at eight o'clock. At eight he was at breakfast, where he met several others, bound for the same port as himself. After breakfast, they were all called to the office to pay there

bills. "Mr. G. —, bed and breakfast, and cartage of baggage to steamer 12s." John paid the bill without remark, but thought it looked like fishy friendship!

Arriving at the Allan steamship office, he was informed that he would have to get his ticket exchanged, and name entered, which he accordingly applied for.

"How much did you pay the emigration agent, as I see there is no amount entered on your ticket?"

"I have paid him £5 17s., which I understood to be £4 15s. for passage on board ship, and £1 2s. for railway fare."

"Then, he has just charged you 11s. too much."

"Eleven shillings too much, and he offered, with pretended favor, to get me an assisted passage!"

"Your consolation is, that he has assisted himself to that extent."

John now proceeded on board ship, with a very poor impression, of Canada's emigration agents.

The passage was just as emigrant passages usually are, with nothing particularly remarkable; but he was rather surprised to meet a number of persons on board who had been to England from Canada, on a visit with assisted passage in their possession. He thought that surely, assistance was not intended for them. There was one *Josey*, as he passed for on board, who in conversation informed him, that he had visited the old country *three times*, and that he had on board a large quantity of merchandise packed in some strong, but old looking trunks, which he was taking out for peddling purposes; and that he intended to smuggle them through, as he had done before. Josey, also had an assisted passage.

The Allan Steamer arrived at Quebec, on the morning of the 24th of May. It was a beautiful morning, and John felt rejoiced to see the noble old city, which he had so often read about, before he ever thought or dreamt of approaching the shores of her country.

At last, the good ship which had borne them across the stormy ocean, was brought along side the wharf; when the passengers eagerly made for shore. John seeing a number of steerage passengers going into an office, he followed, thinking it might be necessary for some purpose

which he was not then aware of. Entering, he saw them receiving railway tickets for their different destinations, but strangely he did not see any money passing, so he asked *Josey*, who had just received one; "how he got it, without paying for it." Josey replied by saying,

"That that was the immigration agent, and he gave tickets to those who could not pay."

"But you have money."

"Supposing I have, he's not supposed to know. He can't look into my pockets."

"I paid for mine in England."

"Well next time you come out, you take a leaf out of my book, and then you'll know the ropes."

In about an hour after arriving at the wharf, the passengers were all ordered to prepare to go on board the Grand Trunk Railway train; when they were soon on the road for their several intended homes. John carefully watching for some other of his adopted country's assisting agents.

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## CHAPTER V.

IT is now the 25th of May, 18—, and we find John has arrived in the Queen City of the West. The immigration agent wishes to take charge of him, but John quickly informed that official that he would take care of himself.

We now find John in the reading room of a quaint but comfortable little hotel, near the railway depot, carefully perusing the evening papers. At last he came to an advertisement, which said: "Wanted immediately—A smart, active young man as book and news agent, to run on a steamboat. Apply to B—— & Co., Y—— St." John at once decided to apply for it, considering that it would suit him splendidly for a commencement.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, we find him at the office of B—— & Co, making application to the manager; when the following conversation took place:—

"I am come, sir, please, to apply for the agency which I saw advertised as being vacant, in the paper last evening."

"Have you ever been agent before?"

"Not in this country, sir."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"I arrived in Quebec on the morning of the 24th, and here in Toronto, last evening."

"And this morning you are making application for work?"

"Yes, sir, if you please?"

"That looks like business!"

"I am compelled to be like business, just now!"

"For why?"

"Because, sir, I have only money sufficient to pay my board for about a week, and then I work or starve."

"Then you wish to work?"

"Yes sir, if it is possible to obtain it!"

"Well, young man, I know nothing about you, and do



not wish to ask. (John trembled with fear.) From your appearance I should infer that you are respectable, and therefore I will give you (John trembled with joy) the agency for a start."

"Oh thank you, sir! Thank you."

"Now it is not a large matter, and will chiefly depend upon yourself. We give twenty per cent. commission upon sales made, and then if you have no objection to waiting at table, the captain will give you your board and lodging free."

"I can do that, sir; I am perfectly satisfied."

"Very well, then. It is upon the steamer *C—— of T——*. She runs from here to *N——*. You can go on board to-day, and make your first trip."

"Thank you, sir, I will gladly do so!"

John now returned to the hotel, and at once sat down to write to his mother. John had left England without informing any of his friends of his intention of doing so. He thought it best not to do so, as he knew it would cause them intense anxiety. Therefore he had determined to keep his movements secret, until he arrived in Canada, and obtained work. His letter was short, as time would not permit him to write a long one, which he concluded by assuring his mother that he had kept his promise to her, and that he always would. Completing his letter and posting it, he at once prepared to go on board the steamer *C—— of T——*.

Arriving on board the *C—— of T——*, he inquired for the captain, who referred him to the steward. Finding the steward, he introduced himself by informing him that he had been appointed by *B—— & Co* to the news agency on the boat. The steward, who John was surprised to find only a young man, apparently not more than 21 or 22 years of age, received him kindly, and after inquiring a little into his Canadian history, which was not a long one; told him that *B—— & Co* were very nice people, and he was fortunate to have obtained an agency from them; and also, that anything which might be in his power to do for him on board, he would be most happy to do, providing his Canadian conduct in the future were as good as it appeared to be in the past. John thanked him for his kindness, and felt ready to weep, at meeting such a kind and good young

fellow, and was not now at all surprised at finding him in that position. John thought correctly. It was his goodness, and not his age, that had put him there. At seeing him, John felt more hopeful and happy than he ever had felt before in his life. He concluded that he had at last arrived in the country which he had so long wished to find, where man was promoted and appointed for his true merit, and not for his birth.

The steward now ordered one of his waiters to show John his room ; at the same time requesting him, after he had taken the inventory of his stock, etc., from B—— & Cò., to come to him, as he wished to speak to him before the boat started. John again thanked him, and promised that he would go to him, as soon as he possibly could.

The boat's time for leaving was six o'clock. At four o'clock John found that he had completed his work, and so he at once went, and inquired for the steward. The steward was found in his office, where he requested John to come. After doing so, we find John receiving from the good young steward, the following sensible advice :

" Ever since I have had charge of a department, I have always found it necessary, to place and give, every one his proper position, and when on duty, to enforce it most rigidly, for it is the only way that any establishment, no difference of what nature, can be properly and systematically worked. Therefore, I not only wish, but must insist, that you keep your place, which I will give you. That is so far as it concerns my department. It is usual, for the news' agents on our boat to wait at table, for which they receive their board and lodging. I suppose you are prepared to accept this."

" Oh yes, certainly. I wish to do all I can."

" All right then, you will be under the head waiter's orders, during the time you are waiting. He will give you your place at table, which I want you to strictly keep, and see that the passengers are properly attended to in your division, and you are to receive orders from no one, excepting the head waiter. This is all I have to do with you as far as your duties are concerned ; but I have been thinking about you to-day, and I have come to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that you are a respectable fellow, and being a

young fellow like myself, I should like to give you some advice concerning your future actions, on board and on shore too, if you have no objection to receiving it."

"None whatever, I should only be thankful to you."

"I have always found that a young man's great danger when arriving in a new country is his eagerness for companions of some sort. Of some sort he can always find plenty, but he cannot, and must not expect, to be received right into the arms of respectable society at once, for several reasons. Take for instance: I am under the impression, that you are respectable, and perhaps better educated than I am, at least your appearance indicates it; but I could not, and would not introduce you at present, to my private friends for two reasons; the first being, that your position at present is not to say a good one; the second is, that although I believe you to be thoroughly respectable, yet, not having known you sufficiently long to prove you in any way, I could not think of asking my friends to accept your company before I had done so. Then what I would advise you to do for some time to come is, not to have or allow yourself to have any friends or so-called friends whatever. But to keep yourself, strictly to yourself, and attend to your duties. If you do this, depend upon it, you will succeed. Your appearance, and I should say by your manner, your education will soon make way for you; and then you will find all the good friends you wish for. But if you don't do this, then I can hold out no hopes for you. You must pardon me for advising you so much. I am only a young man just as you are, but I may have seen more of the world and its ways than you, and I don't like to see respectable young men led astray. Now old fellow, stick to your work and to what I have told you, and you will come out square."

"Steward, I must thank you, thank you very much, for your unexpected kindness. You are the first real friend that I have met with since I left home. I know you are a friend from what you have said, and the way in which you have expressed yourself. I again thank you, steward!"

"Don't mention it, but go ahead."

John had now met a real and true friend, much more so, than he could have then thought.

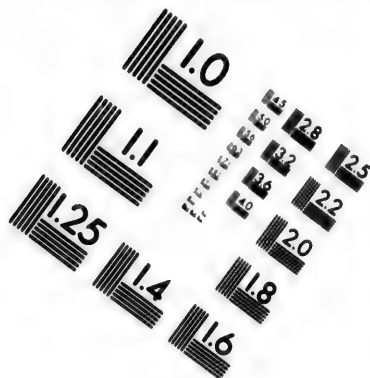
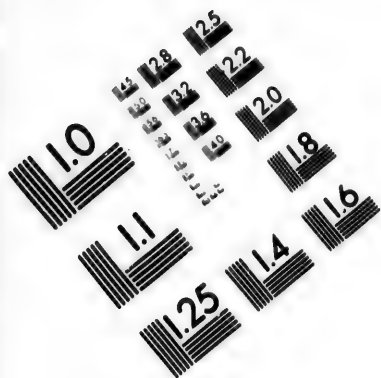
At six o'clock the boat was on her way, and then John's

duties commenced. He found it to be, as the steward had said, not a high position ; but he did as the steward advised him, and as his own inclinations compelled him. He stuck to his work, and kept himself as his friend.

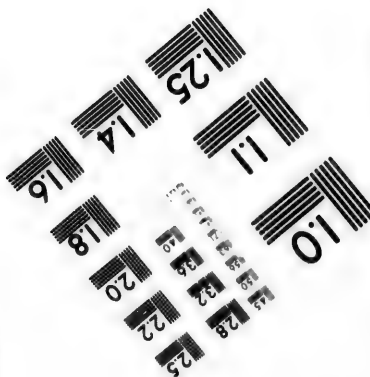
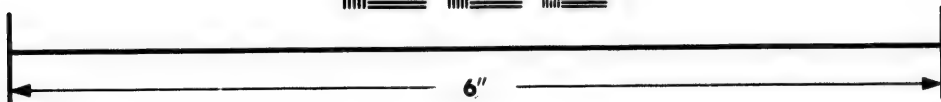
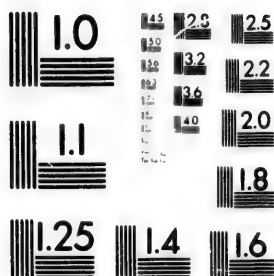
At the end of the season he received the thanks of his employers, who were thoroughly satisfied with the way in which he had performed his duties.

And John was equally satisfied. He had been working on commission, and now found himself in possession of \$150, the result of his season's work, after paying all necessary expenses. He also found that although he had made no confidential friends, there were a number of people of position, who appeared to be taking a slight interest in his welfare.

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## CHAPTER VI.

JOHN had been considering for a long time, what step he had better take for his future advancement. He felt that he had an aptitude for business, but fell short in experience, and also in business education.

He was now the possessor of \$150.00. He could invest that in something, and start in business, but in what he could not practically decide. At last he came to the conclusion, that he would invest it in the only piece of property he possessed on earth, and that was himself.

He had settled up his season's work with his employers yesterday, and to-day it is the 26th of November, 18—, when we find him at the office of the British North America Commercial College, applying for a scholarship of that institution, which he intended to supply him with what he considered himself deficient, viz., a good business education.

The following conversation took place between him and the principal.

"How long, sir, do you consider it should take one to obtain a diploma?"

"That will entirely depend upon your present state of education, and your abilities, or aptitude for learning. It generally takes from three to six months."

"From three months. Will you allow me to take the scholarship?"

"Oh yes, certainly."

"How much, sir, will the amount be?"

"Fifty dollars please."

John counts out fifty dollars, and hands it to the principal.

"Thank you. When would you wish to commence your studies, Mr. G——?"

"At once, if you please."

"Very good." The principal opening his eyes broadly. John now received his books and other working mate-

rial, including a copy of the rules, and was then shown to the theory department, and introduced to Mr. Jackson, the teacher, who took him in charge, showing him his desk, &c., and then requested him to carefully examine his rules before commencing work. Reading them he came to the words: "All *students* of this *college* are supposed to be *gentlemen*, and are requested to conduct themselves as such."

John's eyes became intently fastened on the three words student, college and gentlemen, until the tears were to be seen trickling down his cheeks. He could not tell at first for why, until gradually old remembrances came flashing across his mind. He thought of his past college days; then of the immense fall he had suffered in falling from college life to flunkyland, and then of General Sir Patrick Templeton's "contemptible flunk."

In looking at those words students, college and gentlemen, he there realized that he had re-climbed the *precipice*. And exclaimed, silently, "For which I must thank my mother's teaching."

John now commenced his studies with a determination, to be beaten by no one in that college. He found himself rather deficient in elementary matter, consequent on his long absence from school; but he quickly made up for this, by carrying his books to his boarding house, and working every spare moment he had. His lamp was to be seen burning at all hours of the night, until the expiration of three months and three days. Victory was his. His examination had been passed. His diploma he had received, and he had beaten every student in that college, in point of time by fifteen days.

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## CHAPTER VII.

**I**T is now the 1st of March 18—, and John had been in Canada about ten months. He had become the possessor of a commercial college diploma, but with that exception he only possessed himself, and twenty dollars, and had now once more to face and brave the wide, wide world. From some uncontrollable inward feeling, John never feared the world. It never had any dread for him. If he saw any difficulties to face, it always appeared to make him feel elated with the prospect of trying and succeeding. So, true to his character, we find him to day in the office of his late employers B— & Co. ; and after informing them of what he had been doing with himself for the winter, he asks them whether they have any employment they can give him, adding, " I am not particular so long as it is something I can learn by, and will give me sufficient to defray my necessary expenses for the next two months.

The manager complimented him upon his energetic behaviour, saying that it always gave him the greatest of pleasure, to assist any young man who showed such qualities, but he was very much afraid that he could do nothing for him at present.

" I am prepared to do anything, sir, which is honest work."

" I can think of nothing at present. I am exceedingly sorry !"

" Would you allow me to call again to-morrow, sir ?"

" You can, certainly, but I can hold out no hopes."

" Thank you, sir ! Good morning."

" Good morning, John "

The manager then turned to one of the proprietors who was present and said " that young man possesses more energy, and I believe honesty, than any young man I have

ever met with." He then told him all he knew of John, and finished by giving it as his opinion, that, "there was something extraordinary about him, and he only wished that he had some vacancy to give him."

"If you think so much of him, I should certainly say that it would be simply a true act of business on your part, to make a vacancy for him, and give him a trial. Trustworthy young men are so difficult to find. I should say, when you see one, secure him at once, for he will become of more value to you than you will be to him, if he turns out according to your present opinion of him."

"I have not the slightest doubt about him myself. A thought has just struck me. We are thinking, as you are aware, of opening a branch establishment in the City of O—— It will be of the utmost importance to us, that we have some one there, in whom we can have full confidence. Supposing I give him something to do in the office for a short time, and watch him closely, and see what his business abilities are likely to be, and whether he is in all respects what I now consider him."

"I should certainly say a good idea ; then if he gives you satisfaction, and we determine to open a branch in the City of O——, send him there in charge of it. Is that what you mean ?"

"That is, just what I was thinking of doing."

"Then I should say by all means do it, you can make him worth what you pay him here for two or three months, and then by that time we shall be opening the branch, if we open one at all."

"Very well, then, it is a settled matter. I will take him on when he comes to-morrow, and put him posting the books, and pay him at the end of the month what I consider him to be worth."

"Which you cannot make any mistake by doing."

And so our hero's future was decided.

Next morning, John was at the office awaiting the manager's arrival. The manager enters.

"Good morning, John."

"Good morning, sir."

"I suppose you are come to see what I can do for you ?"

"Yes, sir, if you please ?"

"Well, I have been thinking over the matter, and have come to the conclusion to give you an opportunity to show me what you can do, by employing you in the office for a few weeks ; and at the end of the month I will give you what I consider you to have been worth. Will you accept?"

"Oh certainly, sir ! That is much more than I could have expected. Thank you, sir ! Thank you very much !"

"When do you wish to commence?"

"At once, if you will allow me?"

"Then come inside, and I will give you some posting to do."

John here commenced his true career. He had an opportunity given him, because he was considered worthy of it. We will see what use he made of it.

John had now commenced his duties, and with them found many new and trying difficulties. Bookkeeping in theory, and bookkeeping in practice he found to be very different. But John was determined to succeed, the word *success* was stamped on his heart in golden letters, and nothing could efface it. He was first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave it at night. He made errors in the books, but he was never afraid to own that he had made them, or ashamed to ask for assistance and advice. So steadily and unflinchingly did he work, that he soon gained sympathy from all in the office, and with it came assistance from every source. At the expiration of the month, or of his month's work, on the 1st of April, 18—, the manager called him to his office, and handed him a cheque for \$30.00, drawn to the "order of John G—, Esq."

"What is this for, sir, please?"

"It is for you."

"Oh sir, but pardon me, that is too much ! It is more than I have been worth. See what errors I have made, and what trouble I have been to you."

"I promised you John, that I would pay you what I considered you worth. I have done so, therefore be satisfied." John stood amazed.

"Well, John, is there anything more?"

Recovering himself, "Can I still come to the office, sir?"

The manager smiled and replied, "Oh yes, John, cer-

tainly, come and do just as you have done !” John bowed himself out of the office.

For the succeeding two months, John did as the manager had requested him to do, viz., as he had done.

It is the 1st of June, or three months since our hero commenced his duties at the office of B—— & Co., and it was now an acknowledged fact, that he had completely mastered the books, and the business. So persistent had been his efforts, that it was found perfectly impossible to keep anything from him ; or, in other words, he had proven true to the manager's prediction.

John was again called to the manager's private office. It being on the 1st of the month, he almost showed the doubts which he feared. He had noticed the work in the office becoming lax, and therefore concluded when sent for, that he was going to hear of his services being no longer required. On entering, the manager requested him to sit down, a compliment he had not before received at his hands. He also was surprised to find one of the proprietors present, to whom he was introduced by the manager. So unexpectedly did these courtesies come to him, that he felt completely bewildered ; he could not think or imagine, for a moment what it all meant.

The manager then addressed himself to John as follows :

“ Mr. G.—, it being our intention to open a branch establishment in the City of O——, and requiring some one, in whom we can implicitly trust with its management, we have decided to offer you the appointment. Are you prepared to accept ? ”

John sat for an instant astounded, but quickly recovering himself, replied as follows : “ I have always made it a rule, sir, never to refuse an offer of promotion, for my sole ambition in life is to succeed. But I have also endeavoured never to try impossibilities, and I am afraid what you are now offering me would be an impossibility. For my experience in the business has been so little. You have in offering me such an appointment, paid me a compliment which I am at a loss to know how to show my appreciation of—without it is by placing myself unreservedly in your hands ? ”

"Then am I to understand your meaning to be, that if we choose to give, you accept?"

"That, sir, is my meaning!"

"Then, Mr. G——, we appoint you to the full charge of the branch, at a salary for the first year of eight hundred dollars." (John's feelings here, can be better imagined by the reader, than described by the writer,) "to be increased according to the success of the branch; or in other words, as the business increases, so will your salary increase. For that will depend mainly upon your ability and efforts in conducting and pushing the business; therefore, we will pay you accordingly."

"Now, I want you to understand, as clearly as possible, what the branch is intended to be. The business will be, of course, precisely the same as this, only, not on anything near the same scale to begin with, but to commence in a small way, supplying the stock from here, and increasing its capacity just as fast as the extent of its business may justify. I wish to impress upon you, the excellent opening which you have before you. The city of O——, is one of our most thriving and growing cities. You go there in charge of a branch of one of the best publishing houses in this country. It is in your power of pushing and conducting this branch, in a proper business manner, to build up in the course of say, two or three years, an establishment nearly equal to this; and then you must understand, that that will put you, in a position equal, or nearly equal to my own."

I will now give you our reasons for entrusting you with this new enterprise, in a few words: I know of no young man, whom I have more confidence in than I have in you. I know of no young man, who has now a better opportunity, to push his way in the world than you."

The proprietor present, now addressed our hero as follows: "Mr. G——, it has given me the greatest of pleasure to hear Mr. M.——, our manager, speak to you in the manner he has done; to hear him so speak, is quite sufficient to assure me, that you are what his words so clearly indicate. I have only to say Mr. G——, that I hope and trust, you will always prove, as you undoubtedly at present are, worthy of them."

John now rose from his seat, and replied as follows :  
"Gentlemen, after all I have heard, and all I have  
intrusted to me, I can scarce'y contain myself for joy !  
You will please pardon me for saying nothing more ; for  
I cannot !" He bowed and withdrew.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

**W**E are now in the height of our Canadian summer. It is the 2nd of July, 18—, and with it we find our hero in the City of O—, in full command of the branch establishment of the well-known publishing house of B— & Co., of the City of Toronto.

He finds it a position of a very heavy and onerous responsibility, but his indomitable courage will not allow him to be beaten. Success to him is a certainty. The position he holds, and the position he will keep, with positive and certain advantage to his employers and to himself. We will therefore leave him to himself, as far as his branch establishment is concerned, for about two years.

John held, to some people, rather curious notions in regard to religion. His inclinations were strictly religious. From the early training which he had received, it could not be otherwise. For some reason or the other, he had become displeased with churches. He held that it was not strictly necessary to belong to any church, in order to obtain salvation. "True religion," he would argue, "comes only from the heart, and is shown only by a man's actions." He, in fact, would go so far as to say that, "A man's prayers should be by actions, and not by words." "A young man," he would say, "who has written upon his heart the law of God, and his neighbour, regardless of sect, together with success in life by honourable perseverance, has written upon his heart the true prayer which is acceptable to God." (Once in his life he carried his belief in action a little too far. He met a young lady to whom he became attached; which led him to do what all young people are liable to do, and what is vulgarly called popping the question. In placing this charming question before her, he informed her that she must not expect "blarney," but take actions for words. And she would not, and did not take him at all.)

Still he would admit, and at times argue, that every one should be a member of a church, for example to others, and should assist in supporting it, according to his or her means.

He had always been a constant attendant at church since he left home ; but had never become a member of one, before arriving at the City of O——, simply because, through his unsettled mode of life, he had not been able to do so. And now that he considered himself settled, he decided to become a member of a church, and to endeavour to make himself as useful as possible in its interest.

The next matter to be taken into consideration was, the church most suitable to his somewhat peculiar views. He concluded that it was the E. R. C. ; and therefore became one of its members, also joining the Bible class, and in a few weeks was requested to become a teacher, which request he complied with. He soon became attached to his class, and the class equally attached to him ; it was impossible for them to be otherwise. So earnest was he in his work, always making it a point to impress upon his pupils the necessity of making themselves useful and thoroughly practical in life. His lessons became almost altogether practical, for he would argue, "Teach a boy the practical lessons of the world, and you then give him an armour plate to put upon his heart, whereby he may be assisted in resisting its temptations."

Our hero soon became dissatisfied with the E.R.C. ; or not with the E.R.C. as a church, for its doctrines coincided with his views to a greater extent than any other church he knew. It taught what he believed to be the true principles of Christianity, viz., that churches or bodies of people were necessary to be formed for their mutual edification ; and in order to form a church or body, it is necessary to adopt rules and regulations, and enforce them for their mutual benefit ; but such formations are not strictly necessary to salvation, and that all—no difference of what religious creed or sect—were equal in the sight of God, when they worship him in spirit and in truth, according to the best of their belief and conscience.

This is what the E.R.C. teaches, and in our hero's opinion it is purity. But he also came to the opinion, that in so far as T—— Church was concerned, or the immediate



branch of the E.R.C., established in the City of O——, the purity was only in theory, and not to be found in practice.

Having come to this conclusion, he decided not to remain any longer within a body that was all theory and no practice, except in almost constant internal disputes concerning trifling personal matters. And now what was to be done? A church he must attend, and he did not know where to find one that he could enter with satisfaction.

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## CHAPTER IX.

**W**E are now in the stormy month of March, 18—, or about one year and nine months since the arrival of our hero at the City of O——; and we find him not only the successful head of the branch establishment of B—— & Co, of Toronto; but also the head of what no doubt will develop itself into a church.

John, as we know, had decided to leave T—— Church, and we are now sufficiently acquainted with our hero to know that what he decides to do will be done. We also know that he had become very much attached to his class at T—— Church Sabbath School, and he had also become equally attached to Sunday School work. And being then outside of the church, he also found himself outside of the school. But he determined that a class he would have. So we find him renting a room over the Y.M.C.A. hall, for the purpose of having a class of boys to teach on the Sabbath Day. Having rented the room, his next object was to get the boys, and this he had not much trouble in doing; for the boys of his late class, with one or two exceptions, immediately flocked to him, all declaring that he was the best teacher they had ever had, and that wherever Mr. G—— went to teach, they would follow. So the Sunday School now known as the G—— School, commenced with eight boys, in age ranging from 12 to 16 years; all of respectable families, and of fair education. But John determined that he would have others besides the so-called respectable, and he soon obtained them.

He gave it to be understood that his was to be a Bible class; not national, sectarian, or in any way dogmatic; and that all were acceptable, whether Jew or Gentile, to receive his teachings, which would be by practical lessons, drawn from the Bible, whereby children might obtain an armour

plate to resist the sin and snares of the world.

So successful were his plans and his teachings, that the School—now in existence but nine months—numbers one hundred and fifty scholars, of all sects and creeds, and is constantly increasing. Among them may be named, the Marks, and the Rosenthallers, the McDonalds and the McCarthys, the Chabots and the Tassés. And it is now our hero's delight to receive visitors to his Sabbath School, and to hear them exclaim, "Here is truly a godlike school."

Shortly after starting this cosmopolitan Sabbath School, he found it necessary to obtain an organ, to accompany the singing, which he purchased at his own expense. The organ obtained was found to be perfectly useless without a living object to enable it to send forth its melodious sounds. There was a little difficulty to be overcome, at first, even by John, how this want was to be supplied; for it was necessary to use great precaution in choosing or allowing persons to assist him in his school. It was indispensable that they should hold the same views as himself. The consequence was, that the organ remained motionless for some two or three weeks.

Some time previous to this, a young lady called at John's office, with the MSS. of a work which she had written, desiring, as all authors do, to have her work published. She left it for approval. John had some conversation with her, and was delighted with the intelligence in which she conversed. The MSS. had to be sent to Toronto for approval; and was returned, a few days later, "Not accepted."

John felt really sorry for the rejected authoress. She seemed so intelligent, and infinitely superior to ordinary women, that he decided to read the MSS. himself, and was astonished to find that it was a work on Christianity, entitled, "Christianity in its Purity." John read and read, and became engrossed in its pages. He found line after line, page after page, argument after argument entirely coinciding with his own views and belief, until he became entranced with delight.

A few days after, the young lady called to make enquiries regarding the fate of her MSS. Our hero received her, and had the unpleasant duty of informing her, that the work had,

been returned, not accepted. Information, which made her appear fearfully dejected. John sympathized with her, and complimented her strongly upon her work, explaining that the work was too good to make it profitable for publication. "If," said he, "your MSS. had been a trumpery novel, it would have been accepted."

He then asked her, to favor him with her address, which she did, and found it to be, Miss A. M——, of Berkley Lodge, O——.

The owner of that Lodge, was C. M——, Esq., of the wealthy firm of M—— & Co., O——.

Our hero was still without an organist, and of one he could not think, until a thought suddenly struck him. "Miss M——, perhaps plays; if she does, there will be no difficulty concerning views. I will call upon her to-night and see."

At eight o'clock, we find him in the drawing-room of Berkley Lodge, making his request.

For an answer he receives, "Yes, Mr. G——, I will come and be your organist with pleasure, providing you will promise me, that my work, which upholds your opinions, shall be published."

Without one moment's thought, John answered, "Yes, Miss M——, I promise that it shall be."

And so Miss M——, of Berkley Lodge, became our hero's organist.

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## CHAPTER X.

**W**E have now arrived into the cold winter, for to-day is the 2nd of December, 18—, and with it we hear very pleasant news, from the City of O—.

Our hero is to be married to his organist, Miss A. M—, and preparations are being made on an extensive scale, for the celebration of the happy event.

Among the most interesting news, is a letter, which our hero has received from his employers, in answer to his, asking leave of absence for two months, when he intends to go to England, and visit the land of his birth, his mother, brothers and sisters, and we will include good and kind Mr. Banks, the husband of his mother.

The letter is as follows :

Y— STREET,  
TORONTO, Nov'r 29th, 18—.

JOHN G—, ESQ'R.,  
O—.

Our dear Sir,

We have the greatest of pleasure in granting your request, and take the opportunity of not only conveying to you our congratulations upon the prospect of your happy future, but also of thanking you for the services you have, in the past, so efficiently rendered us; and of informing you, that upon your resumption of duties, we shall increase your salary to \$2,000.00 per annum.

With every hope and wish that the future may be one of continual pleasure for you and your bride,

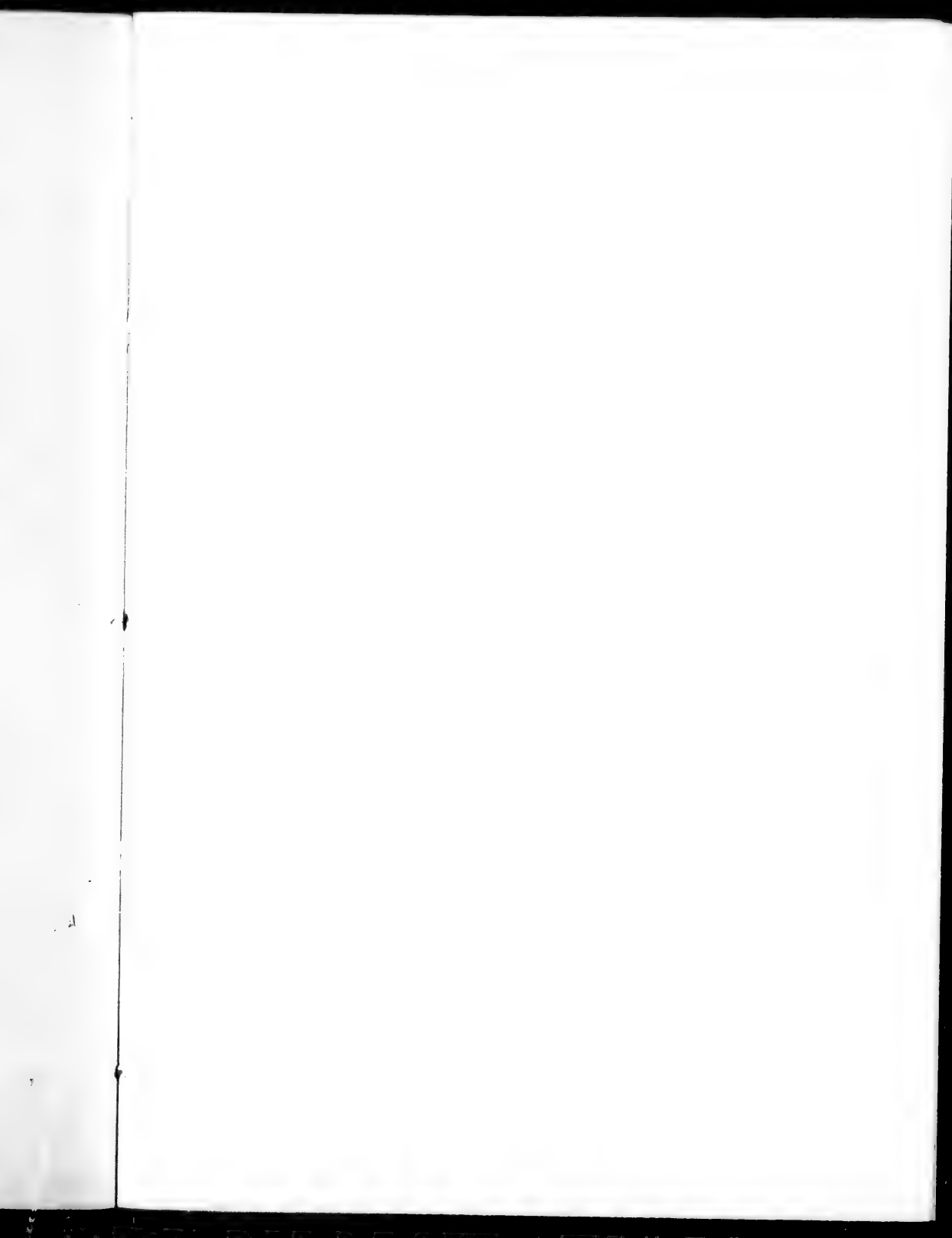
We remain,

Our dear Sir,

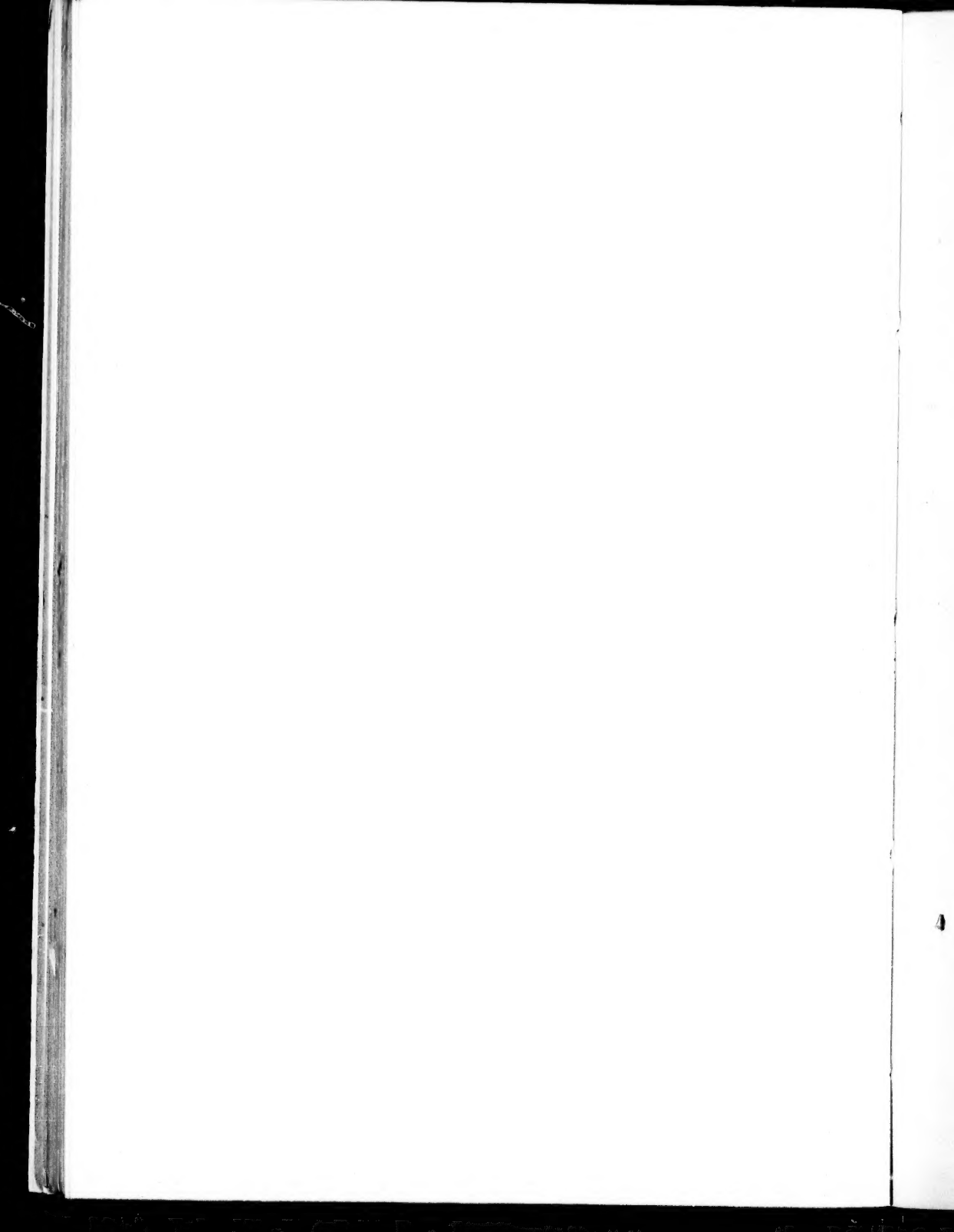
Yours truly,

B— & Co.

One of the most interesting events which is likely to occur, was performed yesterday, when our hero was astonished to find on meeting his school, that his scholars had chosen a new leader from among their own number. None other was there than Master Rosenthaller, who with an immense roll of paper in his hands, stepped forward to inform







John, that he had been deputed by the school to read and present to him an Address ; and also to request, that after doing so, they be permitted to have the remainder of the afternoon as a holiday, in commemoration of the event.

This request John at once granted, for if he was to hear the whole contents of that roll of paper read, and then reply to it, there would not be much holiday connected with it.

The Address was then read, which was found to be as follows :—

### AN ADDRESS

OF LOVE AND AFFECTION, FROM THE SCHOLARS OF THE  
G—— SCHOOL, OF THE CITY OF O——,  
CANADA.

*To their beloved Teacher, on his departure to visit his friends  
in the land of his birth.*

JOHN G——, Esq.,

O——.

We, Jews and Gentiles, who have been so highly favored, as to be enabled to receive your Godly teachings, do hereby offer you our heart-felt congratulations upon the prospect of your happy future ; and we, also, beg to offer to Miss M——, our beloved organist, who has been so kind and thoughtful in providing for our enjoyment, in assisting you to carry on the work of this school, our most endearing love, and hearty congratulations upon the event which is to take place between you. And we hope and trust, and will pray, that you may both return to us, in the full enjoyment of health and happiness. And that we shall again be favored and blessed with your good and truthful teachings.

Good-bye, and may the God of our fathers bless you both for ever.

Little Master Rosenthaller sat down and wept.

It was now John's turn to speak, and never did he find a more difficult obstacle to overcome. It required all his determination of character, brought into full force, to enable him to resist the temptation of joining Master Rosenthaller, and a large number of the scholars who had already followed Rosenthaller's example.

But John was found equal to the pleasant, although trying occasion ; and he spoke as follows :—

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"MY DEAR AND BELOVED SCHOLARS,

"You have completely taken me by surprise, and have nearly astounded me by the beautiful Address which you have, through Master Rosenthaller, presented to me, and, I must not forget, also to Miss M——. I am almost at a loss to find words whereby I can intimate clearly to you my full appreciation—and also the appreciation of Miss M——, of the kind and endearing words which you have conveyed and presented on this beautifully-written paper to us. I will now take the opportunity of giving you a few facts in connection with my past life, and will try to tell you how I have been made so happy by you to-day. My early days, or the days of my childhood, were days of pleasure, mixed with the most cruel and afflicting source of misery. My mother was, and is, one of the most noble of women. My father was, so far as his personal nature was concerned, a good father, but he laboured under a curse, the curse which destroys the happiness of so many of our families, and the true happiness of every land and country. The curse was, as you most undoubtedly all understand, *strong drink*. This then was the source from which the pleasure of my childhood was mixed with sorrow and grief. My father is now no more, and I will not suffer my heart to degrade itself by saying anything disrespectful of his memory. There is one thing I know, that he is now in heaven, and that I look forward to the day with joy, when you and I will meet him there.

I was left, at an early age, fatherless, and a few years later not wishing to become a burden upon my good and noble mother, and for other reasons which I will not mention, I decided to leave my home, and a few years after, my country, to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. This decision brought me to Canada. But that is not the decision which has caused me the pleasure I am now under the influence of. What was it then you may ask? I answer it was this. My mother taught me from my infancy the two grandest principles that man can possess. They were and are, *Temperance* and *Trust in God*! And when I parted from my dear and beloved mother, amidst her aching and distracted heart, she asked me to make one *promise*. It was, will you *promise* me to keep and obey my *teaching* all your life long? I answered, "*I will promise!*" Then the reason of my being here to-day is, that I have kept my *promise*! And everything that I own, or possess, I owe to my *Mother's Teaching*!

Good-bye children, and may God bless you."

THE END.

